

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

December 16, 1944
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

Over 600,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

PRICE

3^d



THE GLOUCESTERS
Special Issue

WHEN YOU MEET

HELPFUL POINTS
OF ETIQUETTE ON
PROCEDURE AND
CORRECT DRESS

Royalty

SOON Australia will have, for the first time, a Governor-General who is a member of the Royal Family.

Wartime will rob us of much of the pageantry and splendor associated with a Royal visit, but because the new Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, and his wife are members of the Royal House there will be many ceremonial occasions when Australians will want to know the formal procedure and traditional courtesies to be observed when Royalty is present.

What would you do and say, for instance, if you met the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester?

In the first place, you would arrive at least ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the time stated for the reception or presentation.

Women should always wear white or light-colored gloves.

And, of course, you keep your gloves on until the presentation is over, for the practical reason that several hundred people may be presented and several hundred handshakes might make the Royal hand hot and uncomfortable.

When you are presented you curtsy first to the Duke, as the King's representative, then to the Duchess.

Handshaking is not always part of the presentation, but if the Duke or Duchess extend the right hand, a hearty handshake is not necessary. The handshake on such occasions



CURTSEY when you meet the Duke and Duchess is "something between a full Court curtsy and the perfunctory bob." A man bows from the waist.

Royalty. You never begin it yourself.

In answering questions and remarks you should address the Duke and Duchess as "Sir" and "Ma'am," and if the conversation is more than a brief one you should, during its course, use the formal "Your Royal Highness."

Royalty always closes a conversation with a slight bow, or extension of the hand.

When the Duke and Duchess enter or leave a room all the male guests bow and the women curtsy.

There may be occasions when you will have to present other people to the Duke and Duchess at social, official, or charity functions.

The host and hostess must be at the door to welcome their Royal visitors, and the door must be thrown open as soon as they approach.

On entering reception-rooms, ballroom, or dining-room the Duke would go first with his hostess and the Duchess follow with the host.

The list of people to be presented will have previously been submitted to the equerry or the lady-in-waiting.

Those to be presented should be assembled beforehand, so that the Royal guests will not be kept waiting.

When the Duke or Duchess is ready to receive them, you would present each by saying, "May I present So-and-So, Sir, or Ma'am."

The Duchess will probably at the earliest opportunity meet members of the leading women's organisations.

The same procedure would be followed, beginning with the submission to her secretary of the list to be presented.

The president or chairwoman would receive her and carry out the presentations, but in doing so she would add a few explanatory words about each person.

For instance, "May I present Mrs. So-and-So, Ma'am. She has been our honorary secretary for ten years," or something of the sort.

This helps to provide the Duchess with information about the work of the organisation, and will make conversation easier and more friendly if the Duchess moves among the members later and talks with them informally.

The Duchess will probably be asked to give other assistance to the organisation.

A request for Royal patronage or for the Duchess to be present must be made through the lady-in-waiting.

A letter should be written on these lines:

"Dear Madam,—
"It is proposed to hold a dance to raise funds for the Home For Children on such and such a date.

"The committee is anxious to know if the Duchess of Gloucester would graciously consent to lend her patronage to the event.

"Would you be so good as to place the matter before Her Royal High-



ENTERING reception rooms, ballroom, or dining-room, the Duke goes first with his hostess.



GLOVES should always be worn, and they should be white or light-colored.

in very exceptional circumstances, and then only if your letter was a reply to a personal letter from the Duke or Duchess. At most times, all correspondence is addressed to the equerry or lady-in-waiting.

The Governor-General has his visitors' book, in which those who are entitled to do so should write their names at the correct times.

Those who have been guests at a function at Federal Government House write their names in the visitors' book during the first few days after the function.

Apart from these special occasions the visitors' book is open whenever the Governor-General is in residence.

It is from the visitors' books that aides-de-camp and others draw up the lists of those to whom the hospitality of Government House is extended.

This is the form an acceptance of a formal invitation takes:

Mr. and Mrs. Blank present their compliments to the Comptroller of the Household, and have the honor to accept the gracious invitation of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Gloucester to . . . on . . .

The envelope would be addressed to the Comptroller of the Household.

Other points to remember:

A Royal invitation is always accepted. If through illness or some other urgent reason you are unable to attend, an apology and explanation should be sent later.

When Royalty is present at a social or official function no one leaves until the Royal guests have departed.



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The Wedding Present

IT'S not that I begrudge the money for the present," Phillip frowned unseeingly at the steak on his plate. "It's just that money's short this week."

Joan pulled aside the blue curtain from the window to let the last of the afternoon light into the kitchen, and slipped into her seat opposite him.

"Well, as it's such a quiet wedding, do we have to give them anything?" she asked. "Besides, neither of us has met the prospective bride."

"But Bob gave us something," Phillip persisted. "Do you remember what it was?"

"Haven't the faintest. Unless it was that blue-and-gold vase on the mantelpiece."

"Beastly thing, too! About how much would it cost?" Phillip took a gulp of hot, strong tea. He disliked dry meals.

"Somewhere near ten shillings, I should think," answered Joan.

"Good heavens! What a waste of money! Think of the fishing lines you could get for ten bob!" A sudden, bright, almost fanatic gleam came to Phillip's eye. "Saw a photo to-day of some fish Bill Penny caught last week-end. One weighed twenty pounds easy—"

"Another cup of tea, dear?" Joan broke in hopefully.

"Not yet, thanks," replied Phillip. "What were we talking about?"

"The wedding present for Bob."

"Didn't we get on to something else? Oh yes, those fish Penny got."

Joan disregarded the remark. "Candlesticks make an awfully nice present. We could get a pair for eight-and-sixpence. Have you any suggestions, Phillip?"

Phillip, with the injured air of a man deliberately kept off his pet subject, said that he hadn't and complained that the meat was tough.

Joan racked her brains for a cheap, useful, good-looking present. She stared thoughtfully into the washing-up water, and failed to notice, as she generally did, the red and brown ships floating in such impossible places on the dinner plates. Aunt Matilda had given them, or the cute way the little pink roses clustered round the edge of the sweet dishes from second-cousin Lucinda.

Outside the window a silver star crept into the pale sky, just above where a faint glow still lingered in the west. Down in the garden the hose showered silver drops of water onto a hibiscus bush. To-night, Joan was missing these things. Strange how worries make you miss the little precious things of life. Joan was silent and very thoughtful over the washing-up, and when she had finished tipped the water down the sink with an air of absent-minded precision.

"Phillip," she said at last, "do you think it would be very dreadful to give them one of our own wedding presents? There's a lot of things that we haven't used."

"Don't see why it should be," answered Phillip, "some of the things haven't much sentimental value attached."

In the tiny lounge-dining-room, Phillip switched on the light and pulled down the blind. It was a cosy little place. The only thing not quite in harmony was the vase on the mantelpiece. It was of a smug, orthodox shape, and had obviously been made to hold flowers. As an ornament it failed badly.

Phillip picked it up. "Hm! I'm surprised at Bob choosing this. Are you sure it wasn't one of your relations gave it to us?"

"I'm positive," replied Joan. "The best presents we got came from my side of the family."

Phillip replaced the vase, realising that the moment was opportune for the kiss he'd forgotten to give her after dinner.

"Now," he said, "let's get to business. I'll sit here in the chair, and you get the things out."

"There's these wine-glasses. They're very nice, though not particularly good quality."

"No good," said Phillip. "They're both teetotalers."

"A decanter wouldn't do either," Joan sat back on her heels, then went on sentimentally. "Once, you know, I nearly married Bob myself."

"Darn good job, you didn't," Phillip blew smoke rings unperturbedly. "He gets ten bob a pay less than I do." He looked uneasily at the vase on the mantelpiece. "You're sure, Joan, it was Bob gave us that? I've a funny feeling that he didn't."

"I'm certain. I remember thinking at the time it wasn't like Bob to have such bad taste."

When Phillip finished his fifth cigarette they were still undecided. The butterdish, the supper-set, a pair of vases, a toast-rack, half a dozen sweet dishes, and silver sugar-basin stood side by side on the table.

They eliminated the butterdish. Joan picked up the supper-set and held it tightly.

"The toast-rack looks pretty small," frowned Phillip.

"The sweet dishes seem cheap," worried Joan.

"Aunt Molly gave us the sugar-basin," said Phillip.

"These vases are just too awful," said Joan.

There was nothing else to do but part with the supper-set, Joan put it down regretfully. Besides being the most appropriate thing, it's donor, according to Joan, lived up the country somewhere.

"She'll never be likely to come down here," said Phillip.

"I'm sorry you're so keen on it, old girl, but we'll buy another one like it some time, when we're flush again."

Joan smiled wryly. She had been married a year, and knew that life held more important things than supper-sets for the expenditure of wages.

"Saw old Bob, to-day," Phillip told her a week later. "He thanked us for the present, and said he was sure Essie would love it."

He paused and frowned. "You know, Joan, I've been wondering about that supper-set. I don't think Aunt Jane did send it."

"Of course she did. I remember when it arrived—"

"Your mother unwrapped it?"

"Yes."

"Well," Phillip became excited, "you've mixed it with the vase. Don't you remember your mother saying, 'Jane always did have atrocious taste?'"

Joan wrinkled her forehead. "I seem to remember something like that. But then who sent the supper-set?"

They stared at each other silently as the awful possibility dawned on them.

"No, Bob wouldn't have," Phillip muttered unconvincedly.

The thought kept recurring.

"There's nothing else to do but forget the bally thing," Phillip said at last. "And in case we have made fools of ourselves we'll keep out of Bob's way. A fellow at work caught a fish—"

Joan didn't listen. She'd discovered that by concentrating on her own thoughts she needn't hear a word Phillip was saying.

On Saturday afternoon they were reading on the side verandah when the garden gate clicked.

"Just look who's coming in," Phillip made a gallant attempt at sounding pleased but there was a hollow in his voice where a boom ought to have been. "Good old Bob and his brand-new wife."

Joan went cold. "Bob's carrying something," she said faintly. Sure enough Bob carried a brown-papered parcel, very like the one into which they had made the supper-set.

Pleasantries were exchanged and Joan was introduced to Essie, a bright, calculating young woman, the purpose in whose eye reduced Joan to a state of confusion. They went into the lounge-room, where Bob immediately picked up the vase from the mantelpiece.

"Hah! You've still got the vase. I thought Joan would have smashed it long ago."

Joan and Phillip laughed suddenly.



"We'll buy another like it some time, old girl," said Phillip.

"I say, Bob," began Phillip, "did you see the fish?"

"By the way," broke in Essie, "there's something I want to ask you before we get off the subject of presents. Would you mind changing the supper-set for us? It's got a little chip on one of the plates. The firm you got it from won't mind doing it, I'm sure."

A deep scarlet flush spread over Joan's face.

"Fish, fish—" Phillip repeated weakly.

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THE GOLDEN MUG

By DOROTHY BLACK

MAJOR COLIN LOVE walked rather moodily down Regent Street. He still smarted from his interview with his nephew James, and felt very lonely.

When a man smarts, he wants someone to tell about it. He had no one. He had forgotten, in the Burmese jungle where he had sat for many months coiled in a great golden beard, how tiresome nephew James could be. Indeed, at times he had thought of him almost lovingly. Which shows how men lose perspective in the jungle.

All that talk and palaver leading to a spirited effort to borrow twenty pounds!

"I have had such shocking bad luck," nephew James said. It infuriated Major Love, who knew there was no such thing as luck, and that as a man sows so shall he reap. No other crop.

"But, Uncle Colin, anyone may be burgled. It wasn't my fault."

"Those who leave money lying about where others can get it ask for trouble. Don't talk to me about bad luck," said Major Love, and he tugged his golden moustache, which was all that was left to him now of the elaborate face trimmings he had discovered he could raise if he liked.

James had departed, with empty wallet, looking hang-dog. When he had gone, Major Love was a bit sorry. He wasn't really a hard-hearted man, and he knew that eventually he would send James the cheque he wanted, but it would do the boy no harm to believe he wasn't going to get it.

It would teach him a lesson. He should not have eighty pounds in cash, and his gold cigarette-case, and his pearl studs all lying handily around, uninsured.

Major Love had no home. All he had was rooms. "Furnished chambers for a single gent: valeting," the advertisement ran. Major Love had not yet discovered where the valeting came in, but he thought perhaps one day he might find out.

As he made his way across the Green Park toward his rooms (which were in the neighborhood of Buckingham Gate) it dawned on him that a man ought to practise what he preached. He thought of his own gold watch, pearl studs, and various

other items of expensive male adornment for which his life seemed to hold no niche, and which he left rather carelessly littered about his bedroom.

Since he never used any watch but the steel one on his wrist-strap, and he had a strange passion for a gunmetal cigarette-case his old nurse had given him when he went to school, he decided to present the baubles to the Red Cross Fund forthwith.

That was why an hour or two later he was striding down Regent Street to a jeweller's well known to him, with whom he had arranged to have the things valued, and handed over.

Major Love had often bewailed the fact, as he sat in the Burmese jungle alone with his beard, that he had no real home. And he determined when he got home that he would find some nice girl and marry her as soon as might be.

But now that he came to look round him it seemed his chances were slender, for on every side he saw men in uniforms brighter and better than his own. Taller men, with wider shoulders. Not only were the Americans there in some force, with all that superabundant vitality that Americans do produce, but there were others.

Men covered with stars and medals, and bits of canary-yellow and pale blue. Men in saucy berets of passionate shades of moss-green, mastic, and maroon.

It all made Major Colin Love feel very faded and middle-aged and out of date, as he made his way down Regent Street carrying what jewellery he had to present to the nation in a small despatch case, into which he had also packed one or two small domestic matters that needed attention.

The atmosphere inside the jeweller's shop was delicately ecclesiastical. The strip of rich carpet between the showcases had the air of an aisle leading to an adjacent altar. Two dark-clad figures approached Major Love and removed his watch, cigarette-case, pearl studs and gold chain, on a black velvet cushion.

Major Love waited, looking about him. The jeweller's shop was not what you might call thronged with customers. Indeed, there were only four. An airman and a Waaf were



"Oh, no, I'm sure it isn't him. He's not that sort," Celia said gently.

purchasing a wedding ring with the timidity of persons toying with a bomb. A couple of kids, thought Major Love, indignantly. They ought not to be thinking of such things for years! Far too young! All the same, envy filled him as he watched them. They looked happy if frightened.

Farther down the aisle was an old lady. A poor, bent, rather ramshackle old lady, as dead as her hat. Major Love found himself wondering what she could possibly want in a fashionable London jeweller's. Then he realised she wasn't buying, she was selling. She was pointing out in quavering tones the beauties of a jewelled Easter egg which she said had been given to her great-grandmother by the Czar of all the Russias, trying to persuade the assistant to purchase same without success.

Poor soul, thought Major Love. Probably the last shot in her locker.

He turned his attention to the remaining customer, and found himself regarding a face that was quite singularly like the one Major Love himself shaved every morning. This other man was also a soldier, albeit of higher rank. He wore a brigadier's badges, and was inspecting, through an eye-glass, a golden mug very heavily ornamented and embellished, standing on a black ebony stand.

"A unique piece," said the other soldier, smiling up at Major Love. "Don't you think so?"

Major Love said, politely: "Very pretty sir."

"I have a sister about to celebrate her golden wedding. I thought this would meet the case." He swung his eye-glass toward the mug.

Major Love candidly thought it horrible. He felt sure that the brigadier's sister would probably far rather have had a seed cake, and the balance in cash. However, it was not for him to interfere. Brigadiers do get big ideas, and he was not called on to comment further, because the two attendants returned, just as the dismal old lady departed, clutching to her the jewelled Easter egg no one would buy.

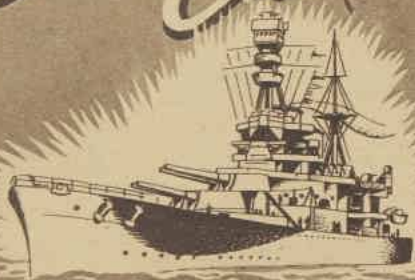
Later, his business concluded, Major Love went out into the street clutching his despatch case. The brigadier was on the pavement,

clutching his despatch case, and as they discovered they were both going to the same club, they both got into the same taxi. In the course of the drive—as is inevitable when two men have been in Ran-

goon, Madras, Shillong, and Rawal Pindi—they discovered they had many colorful personalities among their common acquaintances.

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Brittish Chief



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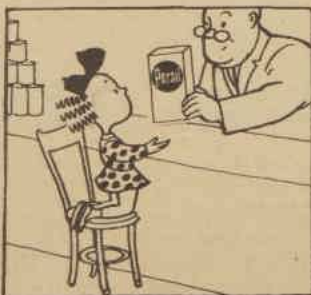
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The girl turned, catching her breath when she saw Whitefell's gun.

BY the time the All Clear sounded, Lieutenant John Frazer had taken all he could of Dwight's sarcasm. He opened the cellar door and said in a tight voice, "Let's get out of here."

They climbed out of the shelter in silence. Dwight started up the stairs first, struggling on unfamiliar crutches. John, a step behind his brother, kept an arm ready to help—the sight of those bullet-shattered legs always made him feel a little sick. The two servants came last, heads lowered.

Near the top Dwight said, "I'm shaky—"

"I'll fix you a drink."

Dwight turned a bitter face. His eyes and cheeks were as sunken as they'd been in the hospital. "Your nerves never get frazzled, do they, John?"

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, no. I've never seen 'em really jittery. I expect it's because you've plenty of time to rest 'em all day—with your breeches pasted to an office chair." Dwight dropped a harsh laugh, shook his head, and continued climbing. "Lucky fellow, fighting the war at a desk."

John Frazer's lean face was pale, but he didn't reply. There were things he had to say to his brother to-night, but not while the maids listened.

"That's the clever part of being in Intelligence," Dwight went on. "You chaps get the soft jobs."

"All right," John said through stiff lips. "I ought to be fighting in the R.A.F. I ought to be marching across Iran with Dad. Anything except what I'm doing—"

Let's drop it." As he went into the drawing-room to mix a whisky and soda his eyes were turbulent. It was his father who had steered him into Intelligence. Colonel Frazer had argued that the Government could put John's years at Heidelberg, his knowledge of German, to no better use. So it had been Intelligence—sitting at a desk, decoding German documents while you had a pipe

Well, it was an essential job. Not heroic, perhaps. Not as spectacular as Dwight's flights with the R.A.F. But now and then you stumbled on something that saved a thousand lives.

He brought Dwight the glass. Beyond the arched doorway of the dining-room he saw the maids were removing supper dishes. He'd have to wait till they were gone.

John Frazer went to the window, pulled the black curtain a quarter of an inch to look out into the darkness. Over the other side of London a red glow quivered in the skies. Docks burning, he supposed.

But he couldn't concentrate on that. Dwight's sarcasm still churned in him. He's sick, he tried to tell himself. He doesn't realise what he's saying.

Big Ben chiming broke in on his thoughts. It was eight-thirty. At nine he had to report to the War Office, perhaps for the last time. He turned away from the window.

The maids had left the dining-room at last. They were safe enough behind the closed kitchen door.

He walked out of shadows into the light, a tall man with powerful shoulders. Dwight, he saw, had lowered himself into an easy chair. With the crutches propped against a bookcase he was coddling his glass in emaciated hands. A lamp burned near him, revealing all the haggardness of his face.

"Dwight," he said, "I want to say good-bye. I'm leaving London to-night."

Dwight looked up in surprise. "Why? Where're they sending you?"

"To Germany."

The word didn't immediately have its effect. Perhaps it sounded too fantastic. But when it did seep into Dwight, he straightened. He put his glass aside, his eyes incredulous.

"What—what are you talking about?"

"They're sending three

can speak German well enough to pass as Nazi fliers. They've got two volunteers from the R.A.F.—Wing-Commander Whitefell and Squadron-Leader Dix. They wanted the third from Intelligence. I volunteered this afternoon."

Dwight was still staring at him. "But for heaven's sake, man—let fly into Germany—"

John Frazer decided to ignore his brother's shock. He pulled up a chair and straddled it, crossing his arms on its back. He tried to talk quietly.

"It's a big thing that's come into our hands, Dwight. We caught one of their agents over here—and got the information from him. You understand, I can't give you details—don't even know them all myself—but it has to do with a big propaganda plan, clever, subversive propaganda that could do a whale of a lot of harm."

"Goebbels himself has prepared the campaign. He's made notes for it. Notes for a whole series of editorials. His notes have been turned over to a Dr. Reinhardt Geist, who's doing the actual writing."

John paused, looking into the fireplace. After a moment he swal-

lowed hard. "We've dug up quite a bit of information on this Dr. Geist," he said. "He's one of their best propagandists. A former professor of Latin and Greek. Wealthy chap with an estate near Berlin, where he does his work. Intelligence has marked the place on maps. It's got fifteen acres of lawn—enough to permit a plane to land."

Dwight's hand clamped like a claw on John Frazer's leg. His hollow eyes burned. "So they're sending you for the Goebbels notes? And the editorials?"

John nodded.

"How do they know this agent isn't lying?"

"It's worth taking the chance," John said.

Dwight's bitterness, his mordant sarcasm were forgotten. His eyes were blazing with excitement. "But John," he asked, "the devil do

they expect you chaps to get into the Geist place? And away from it?"

"We're to get our orders to-night," said John. "I don't know the details."

Out of the London stillness Big Ben struck again. There was something doggedly British in those bells, John Frazer always thought, a rhythm that was unhurried, unchanging, unaffected by the crashes of a thousand bombs. Some nights it was the only sane sound in the city. Now it came like a signal. A quarter to nine. John slowly rose and forced a smile.

"Time to say cheerio."

The coldness of Dwight's fingers creeping into his palm startled him. They lay there like something dead. Then, convulsively, his grip hardened.

"John, old man—" Dwight Frazer's face twisted in a tortured way. He spoke, and the words were choked. "I—I've been pretty much a worm, haven't I, John?"

The two brothers smiled at each other.

Late that afternoon Dr. Reinhardt Geist stood at the Gothic window of his study. Without seeing, he gazed over the immaculate expanse of his lawns. Though the grass was still green, nearby trees had already begun to flaunt vivid reds and yellows and browns, and when the breeze blew, leaves scurried among

them with a rustling sound. A short man, thickset, lumpy about the shoulders, he kept his hands clasped behind his back. His hair was almost white, and he had a small, neatly trimmed Vandyke. When he was thoughtful, his face lost its austerity. It became a sad face.

"Herr Doktor—"

He turned at the call, adjusted his pince-nez. Two typewriters clattered in the study. His niece, Elsa Geist, worked at one, transcribing from a notebook the things Dr. Geist had dictated to-day.

The other machine was being operated by young Fritz Kauber—clever, dynamic, unscrupulous Fritz Kauber whom Dr. Goebbels had sent down from Berlin. He had the features, Dr. Geist sometimes

thought, of a young Satan—and he disliked them intensely.

"What do you think of this, Herr Doktor?" Kauber read from the paper in his typewriter. "Since there are forty million Nazi sympathisers in the United States of America, how can the President claim to speak for the whole nation? By what logic does he proclaim himself the spokesman of those who do not even pretend to support him?"

Before Dr. Geist could reply, Elsa turned an angry face from her machine. "But that is too absurd! There are no forty million—"

"It does not have to be true if it's effective!"

Dr. Geist said gently, "You go too far, Fritz. You cannot make anyone believe nonsense."

Fritz Kauber rubbed an uncertain hand over his chin. Then a grin came to his face and he shrugged. He picked up a pencil, made a correction.

"Maybe you're right," he said. "I'll call it twenty million."

Dr. Geist sighed. He glanced at Elsa and shook his head. At Heidelberg, he knew, Fritz Kauber had been a brilliant student; but time seemed to have done incomprehensible things to the boy.

Outside the window, on the gravelled path, an automobile rolled to a stop. Dr. Geist looked at it, then began to button his tweed jacket. To-night he must go to dine with four army chiefs. The staff needed a series of articles to show how well the soldiers on the Russian front were being fed and clothed.

"I'll be back about nine," Dr. Geist said to his niece.

"These will be ready," she promised.

Fritz Kauber didn't speak at all. He went on typewriting until the doctor had gone. Then he lifted his eyes to Elsa, and a smile crept over his lips. She was lovely. Exquisite—a slim girl with golden hair and bright intelligent eyes. He rose, went across the study, and stood over her. "Elsa."

"Fritz, I've begged you not to annoy me when I'm working."

"There'll be time for work later." Still smiling, he caught her hands, tried to lift her from the chair. "All day," he said, "I have been waiting for a moment to kiss you."

Please turn to page 27



You're smarter when you're Exotiq



EAU DE COLOGNE
Exotiq

EXOTIQ EAU-DE-COLOGNE IS AT, ALL LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS IN VARIOUS SIZES FROM MIDGET TO LARGE.

VERICK

IN the emptiness of many miles of oily water three motor torpedo-boats lay rocking sluggishly with stopped engines. The summer night lay over everything like many folds of a violet-tinted veil, draped from high above, its lower edges lying upon the darker surfaces of the water. In it were pinned the bright brooches of a few glittering stars.

Besides the three M.T.B.s the only other object on the gently heaving water was a buoy which bobbed slowly from side to side, giving a startling golden flash every fifteen seconds.

On the bridge of one of the M.T.B.s—the one nearest to the buoy—the captain leaned against the glass windscreen, looking into the opaqueness beyond the buoy. Beside him were the quartermaster, balancing himself with one hand upon the wheel, and Sub-Lieutenant Jack Harris. Harris was watching the captain very closely, trying to read his thoughts.

It was very, almost unnaturally, still since they had sighted the buoy winking in the distance and the captain, after checking the fifteen seconds by counting them aloud—"I reckon one, I reckon two, I reckon three"—had given the order to stop engines. The ear-shocking roar of the motors had ceased suddenly and the boat's bow, lifted high and clear of the water, had dropped to an even keel as she alighted on among the jumbled foam which her passage had hurled out in twin mountains on either side of her.

For a few moments there had been the lap and hiss of the ripples as she had lost momentum, and then the boat had stopped altogether and the silence had dropped over everything so completely that the scrape of one's boot on the deck grating was as loud as a pistol shot.

It was very strange and very lonely in the dark wastes of water, and Harris was as edgy as a coil in a thunderstorm. It was his first trip. He tried to see the expression on the captain's face through the darkness. It might help him to know what to expect and to be prepared for it. He was only twenty-two. The captain was twenty-two and a half.

Harris said, "What do we do now, sir?"

"Nothing. We wait. Personally I like to talk. What shall we talk about?"

"I don't know, sir."

The captain raised his binoculars to his eyes and stared into the darkness beyond the buoy. He said, without taking the binoculars from his eyes, "I talk to keep myself awake and because I like talking. Suggest a topic, any topic."

"I can't think of one."

"Very well, I'll start one. What do you think happens after you die?" The captain lowered his glasses and began to polish the lenses with the ends of his scarf.

Harris said, "I've no idea. What do you think happens?"

He did not want to know, but he wanted to pass away the hours that had to be spanned before they could get back from this delirium of existence in the deserts of the night-filled sea, and return to the daytime life that he knew in the towns, and the accustomed peace of the fields where trees grew upon trunks that had stood immovable for hundreds of forgotten years.

When they had left harbor late that evening, they had steamed slowly in line ahead down to the river mouth, and people in the town had stood still upon the sea-front to watch them pass. Some girls, arm-in-arm with soldiers, had stopped in their walking to turn and stare at them, the girls saucy in their colored shirts and flannel slacks and the soldiers bulky and heavy-textured in their boots and battle-dress.

A car had stopped at a front door and a man had got out and rung the bell and stood with his back to it, watching them while he waited for it to be answered. Another man, the evening paper beneath his arm, had paused with his hand upon the door of the Red Lion.

That was normality. The houses were sheltered beneath the hills and the thick green, summer foliage of the trees, and the smoke from their chimneys rose undisturbed above the trees and above the tops of the green hills. That was normality. But this, this standing idly upon a gently rocking ship, watching the light of a foreign buoy flickering in the blackness of the unknown and the half-

RETURNED SAFELY

By...
JULIAN WARD



They gazed ahead, seeing the shore lying low and mist-covered.

suspected... what was that? He did not know.

He said, "Do you know what happens?"

"No. But I was reading about it in a book to-day. It was very interesting. It said that when you die, people whom you used to know before they died are sent to meet you to break it to you that you too are dead, and to show you round in the new, strange life."

"I've heard that too, sir."

"Do you believe it?"

"No."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. He was still staring into the darkness through the binoculars. Now he put them down and screwed up his eyes. Then he looked at Harris. He saw that his face was white and strained and that his eyes were fixed on his own. He thought, "I was wrong to have talked like that. I meant well, but I was a fool. I didn't think."

He said, "Let's talk of something else, then. Tell me about your friends. Tell me about remarkable people you have met."

"I have only met two who were at all remarkable."

"Go on. I'm listening." The captain raised his glasses to his eyes again and moved them slowly through a small arc on either side of the buoy, first from left to right and then back again. Harris felt his nerves grow more and more tense. There was half an hour less now before they would come... if they came.

What would they be? And what would happen if they came—suddenly came? Would he remember all that he had been taught, the orders he was to give, the move-

ments he was to make, and even the thoughts he was to think—or would he stand petrified and spell-bound, as he had done when he had seen an accident in the street?

The captain said, "Go on, man."

He said, "They were called John Foster and Eric Gardiner. John Foster I have known since I was a kid, but Eric not for long."

"Yes. Go on. Tell me all you know about them. We have a long time to wait. And we must keep the quartermaster awake."

The man at the wheel lifted his face an inch out of his coat collar and grinned. He liked people who remembered he was alive, and a human being.

"It's very hard to explain, but there was something remarkable about both of them," Harris said.

HE fell silent, and the captain said: "In what way? Heavens, do I have to teach you to talk?"

"Well, for one thing they both seemed completely complete. They seemed whole and intact, although they were both in their twenties still. I mean they seemed beyond all ordinary, normal pettiness or vanity... and fear, too. They did not seem to need to do anything but laugh at absolutely everything, even themselves. They were never angry, jealous or boastful. They seemed to avoid without effort all the things that worry me all the time. But don't think they were old-maidish. Both of them spent half their time knocking it back in pubs."

Again he seemed to be lapsing into silence, so the captain asked quickly: "Were they rich?"

"No. At least John Foster wasn't. I think he was quite hard up. He was a solicitor. But because he was always laughing and always content, it was hard to tell. I think one must save a lot of money by never trying to impress people or caring what they think. John never did. He just seemed to think it was stupid and not worth the trouble."

"He sounds fine. I'd like to meet him. He sounds almost too good to be alive."

"Perhaps he was. He died in the R.A.F. in the East this year."

"Oh, sorry!"

The captain raised the lid of a voice-pipe and spoke into it. "That you, Chief? Warm up the engines a bit. Not too much row, though."

The motors coughed and then began to burble gently. Harris thought of sports cars. That reminded him of Eric Gardiner. He had had an enormous one, so big that people stopped to stare at it. He was a very rich man, owner of Gardiner's engineering works. But he always dressed like a tramp. He lived in a tin-hut in Kent, and grew vegetables for the market. He did not need the money, but he liked doing it. In the hut there were a sixty-guinea radio and a grand piano. There was no sanitation, but the great car stood in another hut at the bottom of the garden.

Harris thought, "I made a mess of explaining about John, but there wasn't much to say about him. He was very ordinary, so ordinary that it was remarkable. But I can go to town about Eric. Even drowning himself sailing in a gale was dramatic."

The captain said, "All right, chief. Clew up at that."

THE engines spluttered, back-fired and stopped. The smell of burnt oil and petrol hung in the windless air. The yellow light from the buoy was distant now.

Harris said, "My other friend, sir... Eric Gardiner..."

"Quiet a moment."

The captain still had his binoculars to his eyes, but was leaning far forward over the windscreen now, as rigid and motionless as a pointer dog. Harris leaned forward beside him, straining to capture in the pupils of his eyes what lay in the darkness beyond.

The captain said softly, "I think... I think... I think... Yes!" He pressed a button close to his hand. A low sound of buzzers jerked out in different parts of the ship, on the upper deck and below, inside the ship. He said to the quartermaster, "Stand by, engines." Harris felt the nerves grow taut in every inch of his body.

The captain said, "A convoy, I think. Oh, boy. Watch out now." The engines were muttering. The captain said, "Barber!"

"Sir?"

"To the others, 'Convoy in sight to north-east. Close it.'"

"Aye aye, sir."

The little craft began to move slowly across the glass-smooth sea. Harris gripped the side of the bridge. This was agony. This waiting was unbearable agony. He could not analyse whether it was fear, excitement or elation, but it was suspense so terrific that he could only grip the top of the bridge with all his might.

He whipped a quick look astern. The other two M.T.B.s were creeping after them, one on either quarter. Their stealth was like cats creeping inch by inch toward their prey. He had never seen anything like this before. He jammed his teeth together.

It was a moment of a million volts' intensity. The hand was on the lever, ready to snatch it down into a screaming tempest of flame and shock. He found he was not breathing, but holding his breath tight shut in his bursting lungs.

He could see the convoy himself now, a few dim patches of dense black against the purple gloom of the darkness. Occasionally a bow-wave flashed whitely phosphorescent, but they were still a long way off, and the M.T.B.s were only slipping slowly toward them. It would take a long while to reach them at this speed. He looked round.

The men forward were crouched over their gun. Occasionally one of them shifted quickly and nervously, getting the ammunition more handy to his grip, or squirming his shoulders to get his eye closer or more central to his sights. On either side the torpedo tubes pushed out their pursed lips just clear of the ship's side, ready to spit their flashing contents into the water toward their target.

Each man was crouched low, with jaw out, like sprinters sprung down upon their marks.

Then, without warning, a red, flaming stab split the blackness of one of the shapes ahead. The captain leaped across the bridge. A moment later a dumpy boom hit their ears and a yellow, rocket-like flare burst over their heads. The gun flashed again and another star unfurled high above them. The night was gone. The sea was lit as brilliantly as if the sun had stabbed twin rays through the night.

The M.T.B.s became wild, fighting things. They tipped up their bows and hurled themselves through the water at fifty miles an hour. The water rose in white wings of foam, arched high above their decks on either side. The men jumped to life.

The captain shouted at the helmsman and jabbed at the buttons before him. The guns spewed long, long tendrils of rose-colored tracer shell, bright and vivid as carnival streamers. The boat heeled this way and that, so that they held themselves on board by their heads alone. They were careering down the column of ships now, and there was no concealment any longer. They were seen. Star shells lobbed and burst continually over them.

Please turn to page 32

INTIMATE HOME STUDIES OF GLOUCESTERS



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with their elder son, Prince William, in their English home, Barnwell Manor.



PRINCE WILLIAM tunes-in to the B.B.C. while his mother watches. The Prince will be three years old on December 18.



THE DUKE with one of the household's many pets. When Prince William was only a year old, to his great delight, the parrot had learned to say "Hullo, William."



Royal Governor-General

The Duke and Duchess with Prince William in entrance hall of Barnwell Manor. Success of the color studies in this issue was due to the patient and gracious co-operation of Their Royal Highnesses.

PRINCE RICHARD—second son



THE DUCHESS with her second son, Prince Richard, born on August 26. He is fifth in succession to the Throne, coming after his elder brother Prince William, and before the eight-year-old Duke of Kent.

PRINCE RICHARD ALEXANDER WALTER GEORGE, first Richard in Royal Family since Richard III, who died in 1485. (Richard was Duke of Gloucester.) Alexander was chosen as a compliment to General Alexander, C-in-C. in Italy.

Don't be a woman of "no account"!



Open a Savings
Bank Account

It is true that there are other important things in life besides money. But there is no denying that the woman who has her own bank account—no matter how small—has a feeling of self-confidence, of security, and of standing which is denied to the woman who "spends as she goes." You can open a Savings Bank account with a few shillings. You can build it by the regular saving of small amounts. Very soon you'll find yourself in a position to purchase a War Bond . . . and that will be a part of your war effort, and the beginning of your prosperity.

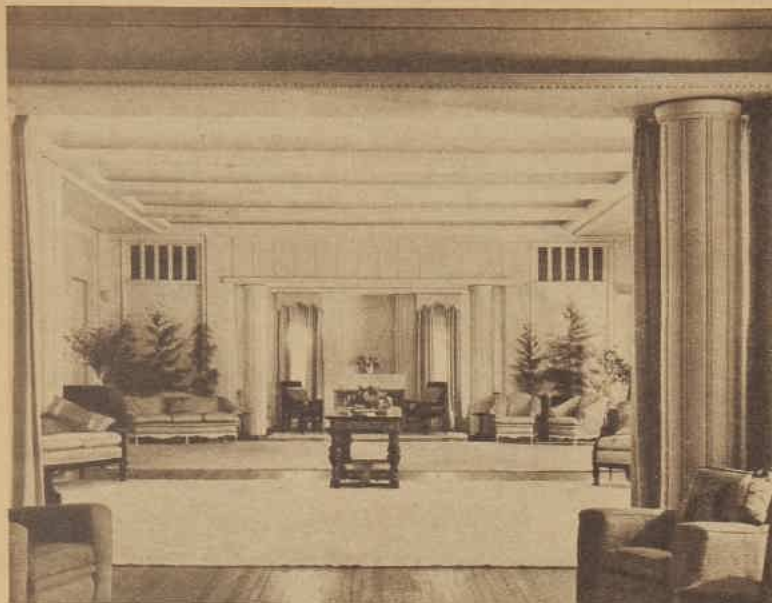


with the **Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

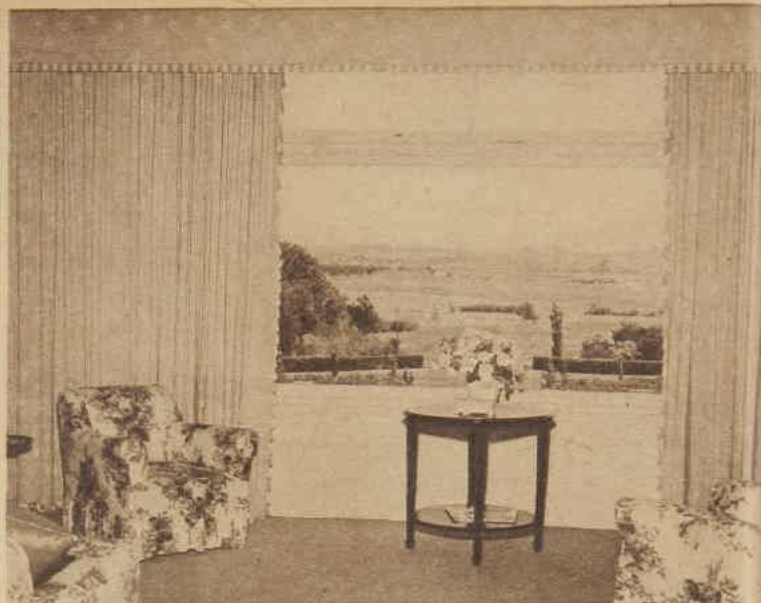


The "Little Duchess"

Affectionately known in England as the "Little Duchess," the charming wife of the King's younger brother will soon be living in Canberra as Australia's first lady. She will be forty-three years old on Christmas Day.



THE COMMONWEALTH'S first drawing-room, the official reception-room at Yarralumla, Federal Government House, where the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will entertain.

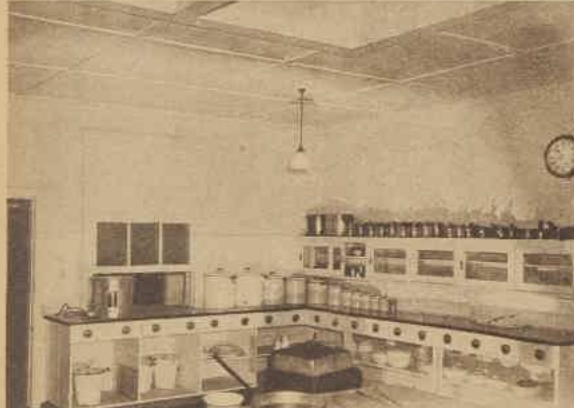


PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM for the Duchess looks out to the south through a huge window across a wide panorama to the Australian Alps.

PREPARING HOME FOR DUKE AND DUCHESS



SMALL DRAWING-ROOM, which is separated from the official reception-room by eggshell-blue, silver-threaded curtains, and two small recesses containing rosewood writing-desks.



KITCHEN is large and airy, with electric as well as fuel stoves, and a big array of utensils, most of them of copper. Frying-pan on table holds more than two dozen eggs.



BUILDERS at work on the six new rooms which had to be built to provide accommodation for the increased number of male domestic staff.

At Royal request renovations kept to minimum because of war

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Painters, plasterers, upholsterers, builders, and cleaners are busy putting Yarralumla, Federal Government House at Canberra, in order for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

The Duke and Duchess have expressed the wish that, because of the war, expenditure and use of manpower should be kept at a minimum.

Most of the work being done is repair and maintenance.

WHEN war began, improvements for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Kent were suspended. Any new materials being used now have been in storage for five years.

Chairs and settees have had to be re-covered because the old covers were threadbare.

Yarralumla has had no general replacement of house linen since the linen cupboards were first stocked in 1927, so arrangements have been made for a limited supply of new linen.

One of the major tasks in preparation of the house is the checking of the inventory.

This was done before Lord and Lady Gowrie left, again when the

Acting Governor-General, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan took up residence.

It will be checked again when they leave, and a fourth time when the Duke and Duchess arrive.

Checking of the inventory takes five days, and every item, from a skewer to the grand piano, is included.

Most of the china, glass, silver, and kitchenware has been there since Yarralumla was first used as an official Government residence when the Duke and Duchess of York, now the King and Queen, stayed there in 1927.

Every set of china is itemised. For instance, 700 pieces of Wedgwood are grouped in tea plates, breakfast cups, dessert plates. The black-and-white staff china runs

into more than 1000 pieces, all itemised.

The Falling Leaves set, bought for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, numbers more than 400 pieces.

There are more than 2000 pieces of "first quality" silver for the household and for entertainment—including 203 tablespoons and 223 teaspoons.

Losses and breakages have been amazingly light over the years.

In the big tiled kitchen, with its red concrete paved floor, the equipment includes more than 50 copper utensils, ranging from large tea and coffee urns to small jelly moulds, with a complete range of 22 saucepans.

The range of frying-pans goes from small individual ones to huge iron ones, in which more than two dozen eggs could be fried at once.

Two birds were killed with one stone when a dangerous dip in the road leading to Yarralumla gates was filled in to make a level stretch of road.

The earth for this was taken from the top of a rise on the north side of the house.

Removal of the soil has provided a lovely glimpse of the Molonglo River from the windows of the State dining-room and the nursery balcony above.

A dairy is to be built for the six Guernsey cows which will provide milk for the Royal household and staff. Three of the cows will come from Victoria and three from New South Wales.

The stables, last, used by Lord



IRIS BED which stretches under the trees alongside the lovely wild garden planted by Lady Gowrie. The photograph shows about a quarter of the length of the bed, and colors range from deep purple to tawny gold.



PLASTERER Cyril Davis and Alf Stokes, painter, repairing one of the square pillars of the main portico.



ROSE-FRAMED bay windows of the State dining-room, which faces north. Above it, on the first floor, are some of the staff rooms, and above them the nursery wing.

Huntingfield for his polo ponies, are in readiness for the Duke's horses.

The magnificent 80-year-old deodar tree which casts its shade over the portico and the big reception-room has been reinforced with steel stays and wire rope.

Cones from this tree are planted every year at the Federal Nurseries, and plants have been sent to botanical gardens and parks all over Australia.

In spite of the 35 bells on the bell panel in the butler's pantry, Yarralumla is a small house compared with some official residences.

But as a home—in its furnishings, its garden, and surroundings—it will compare favorably with the lovely homes the Duchess knows in England.

In the dignified lofty drawing-room the silky off-white rugs made in Greece, and chosen by the Duchess of Kent, leave a border of rich red-brown jarrah boards.

Floodlit recesses in the off-white walls await the pictures that the Duke and Duchess will bring with them, or choose here.

Chairs and settees are upholstered in an aquarelle satin brocade with a tiny conventional tulip outline pattern in white. Their wooden bases are painted white with a matt surface.

Other settees are of rosewood with wicker panels, and aquarelle seat cushions.

The curtains framing the french windows which open on to the terrace, and the long windows at either

side of the fireplace are of heavy rough material in an oatmeal shade.

Two recesses containing small writing-desks divide the official drawing-room from the small drawing-room.

Here the upholstery is an egg-shell-blue satin brocade with a small white pattern. The curtains over the windows and between the white pillars dividing the two rooms are rough-surfaced material in eggshell-blue with a silver horizontal thread.

Small gold lacquered chairs help to furnish both rooms.

The State dining-room was lengthened for the Kents with a deep bay of floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the Molonglo.

The old extension dining-table, which seated only 25, is being replaced with a new one made in Sydney to seat 50.

The extensions of the old one had side legs which were uncomfortable for guests, so the new one has centre legs.

The new table, designed by the Department of the Interior, is being made of specially selected Queensland maple.

It will be made in twelve sections, four feet long and four and a half feet wide.

Twenty-four additional dining chairs, upholstered in brown leather and ornamented with the Royal crown, are being made.

The Duke and Duchess will have their own private suite on the first floor. Their bedrooms face south,

the Duke's bedroom being the one he slept in when he was here in 1935.

The Duchess' private sitting-room is the sun-room, with its huge plate-glass window facing south, above the private entrance.

Like the rest of the house it is carpeted in plain beige. The floor-length curtains are hydrangea-blue, patterned in white feathery fern fronds.

The furniture has loose covers in chintz patterned in English spring flowers.

The wistaria, cut back during alterations in 1939, has now grown up again to the second floor, and has spread along the railing of the nursery balcony.

The Duke and Duchess will bring most of their domestic staff with them. Only three of the present staff—two maids and the butler, Mr. Colley—are remaining.

As a bigger staff will be needed for the duties of a Royal Governor-General, a brick building containing six rooms is being built near the butler's cottage behind the house.

Succeeding Governor-Generals' wives have helped to create and improve Yarralumla's beautiful grounds.

Lady Isaacs and Lady Gowrie, especially, devoted time and energy to making one of the loveliest gardens in a city of lovely gardens.

Lady Gowrie turned a stretch of empty ground into a wild garden, doing much of the actual work herself.

It stretches, under the trees, along the left side of the drive, and is filled with wildflowers, English spring flowers, shrubs and rock paths.

Drought and manpower-shortage have reduced production in Yarralumla vegetable garden, and the summer annuals will not be as spectacular as in pre-war years.

But the head gardener, Mr. Scott, and his staff of five hope there will be a brave show of hydrangeas and some annuals when the Duke and Duchess arrive.

On the Duke's arrival in Australia his car and the flagpole at Yarralumla will fly the Royal Standard.

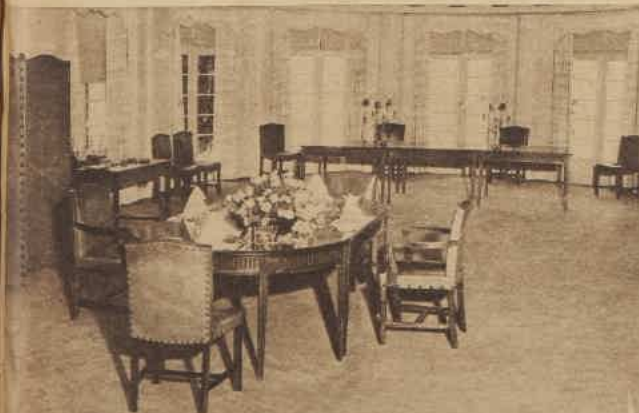
But as soon as he is sworn in—the first official function he will attend—the Duke will fly the Governor-General's flag, a blue flag, with gold-winged lion over the Royal Crown, and a scroll, "Commonwealth of Australia" below.



SOUTHERN VIEW of the house, showing the private entrance and the Duchess' private sitting-room above. Except for this sitting-room, this part of the house is the original building erected in 1891.



LUNCH ON THE LAWN for painters working at Yarralumla. In the background is the rise which was cut down to provide soil to fill in a part of the road.



STATE DINING ROOM, for which a larger table is being built. When the full table is made it will stretch almost the full length of the room.

It's OSLO LUNCH-TIME



for them



Everyone knows that youngsters burn up energy at a terrific rate...so give them energy to burn! Give them the Oslo Lunch to take to school. Food experts have praised the now famous Oslo Lunch. Undernourished children have gained weight and vitality on this simple, inexpensive meal. Ask Mr. Gardner of the Opportunity Clubs, Collingwood, Melbourne, and he will tell you that undernourished children who had the Oslo Lunch for six months gained twice as much in weight as children on ordinary lunches — and had a higher resistance to infection. When the school bell rings "Lunch", make sure that it's "Oslo Lunch-time" for *your* youngsters.



and you!

When the clock in your kitchen or your wrist watch says "twelve-thirty", then it's Oslo Lunch-time *for you too!* No cooking. Simply packed with the vitamins you need... light, but satisfying... keeps your waistline down—but your energy UP! Now isn't that the sort of Lunch you've been looking for?

What is the Oslo Lunch?

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, with 1-oz of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange, apple or a serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery or shredded raw carrot or cabbage.



This announcement is brought to you by the makers of Kraft Cheese

**3 ways
to S-T-R-E-T-C-H
your Butter
Ration.**

Cheese Spread:

4 - oz. shredded Kraft Cheese;
4 tablespoons milk; salt and
pepper to taste.

Stir briskly over a double boiler
till smooth and thick.

Put these cheese spreads in a screw-top jar, and they will
keep for four or five days — longer in a refrigerator.

Cheese and Bonox Spread:

4 - oz. shredded Kraft Cheese;
4 tablespoons milk; salt and
pepper to taste; 2 teaspoons
Bonox.

Stir grated cheese and milk
briskly over a double boiler till
smooth and thick. Then stir in
Bonox.

Cheese and Worcester- shire Sauce Spread:

4 - oz. shredded Kraft Cheese;
4 tablespoons milk; salt and
pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons
Worcestershire Sauce.

Stir briskly over a double boiler
till smooth and thick, then stir
in Worcestershire Sauce.



BARNWELL MANOR—Gloucesters' English home



BARNWELL MANOR, English home of the Gloucesters, who live in the building seen at right of picture. To left are the staff quarters, and at extreme left is seen part of the only wall left of original 11th Century Barnwell Castle.

THE Gloucester household, which soon will transfer from the seventeenth century Barnwell Manor, Northamptonshire, to twentieth century Yarralumla, does not differ greatly from any other because it is Royal.

The Duchess likes family pictures in the drawing-room, the Duke likes to leave his hats about in the hall, and the whole house pays a great deal of attention to Prince William—not because he is a Royal Prince, but because he is a child.

I discovered these things when I went to Barnwell Manor recently with the color photographer to take the pictures which appear in this

Our color pictures were taken in this fine Tudor house

Cabled by KING WATSON of our London staff

issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

We were met in the lovely old oak-panelled entrance hall by the Duchess' private secretary, Miss Horsey, who said the Duchess had given instructions that we were to be allowed anywhere we wanted to go in the house, and to arrange lights and pick the best spots for posing.

It was informality in keeping with the house itself, which has a comfortable air of being lived in among well-loved things.

The Duchess herself could not have been more charming.

I had been told by an official in

London that she could not be photographed because she was not feeling well after the birth of her baby.

But when I was able to see her later and tell her how disappointed Australians would be she immediately agreed to be photographed with the Duke.

When I told her the pictures would be in natural color she put on the cheerful red coat which you see here.

She was most co-operative, but would not allow us to photograph the baby.

She was understandably afraid the bright lights we had to use for "shots" indoors might injure the infant's eyes.

We decided that the first place for "shooting" would be the Duke's study, which was a color photographer's dream.

At the side of the large desk where the Duke works was a vivid green African parrot, of which the Duke is very fond. And behind a bright golden-colored cage, the door of which is always left open, was a book-case full of red leather-bound books.

The Duke had obviously been refreshing his memory about Australia, because two of the books on the table beside his desk were official accounts of his visits to Sydney and Adelaide when he toured Australia previously.

Standing in a corner of his study was a huge architect's plan of Yarralumla, showing the proposed alterations to accommodation.

Arranged flowers

WHILE we were discussing positions for poses on the steps leading up from the entrance hall to the graceful staircase behind, the Duchess came out and anxiously asked whether we thought the flowers on the table beside the staircase, and beside the steps—she had arranged the flowers herself—would be effective. You can see the effect for yourself.

When the Duke came in from a day's shooting, looking healthily wind-burned, he threw his comfortable old shooting hat on the table in the entrance hall.

That made three hats in the hall. Already on that table was a brown, turned-down felt of the type the Duke always wears, which are made specially for him in an unusually small size. On another table was his red-banded military cap, alongside an incredibly glossy Sam Browne belt.

The Duke changed into military

uniform, leaving off his Sam Browne belt so that the pictures taken in the study and with the Duchess and Prince would be informal.

While the pictures were being taken in the study, Prince William was busy photographing everybody else with a "camera," which wound up, then spat out a satisfying stream of sparks.

But he became shy when attempts were made to induce him to join his father at the desk, as you see him on the cover this week, and most of the time insisted on getting on the far side of the Duke, away from the camera.

He really enjoyed himself when posing with the Duke and Duchess on the steps.

Just as the photographer was ready he would swing down a step, holding a hand each of his mother and father.

Then he would hang almost head downwards in the same way.

In the drawing-room he gave the photographer some delightful, can-



THE DUCHESS, in the oak-panelled hall of the Tudor manor. She arranged the bowl of flowers for our color pictures.

did shots of a family group by tumbling about on an armchair between the Duke and Duchess.

Some of the time he had his head down on the chair with his legs in the air towards the camera.

Then he got some "music" on the radio. He likes it loud.

In fact, he is like any normal, healthy, high-spirited kid.

In and out all the afternoon had scampered the Duke's favorite Australian terrier. He keeps a kennel of them at Barnwell Manor.

He and the Duchess are both sad at the thought of leaving their dogs behind, but quarantine restrictions would make it impracticable to take them.

How to make port with the navy

BY ALLEYNE LESLIE



DON'T refer patronisingly to your Navy man's ship. It's your most serious rival, you know, and he's very proud of her.

DO praise his ship whenever you can. And, remember, a naval man's other pride! Every sailor loves a girl who's smart enough to own a luscious, well-cared for complexion. A film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream under your powder will give the velvety finish that makes all men ask: "Who is that stunning girl?" and the man say: "Angel, I didn't know anyone could be so lovely!"



DON'T try to score with your friends at the office by pretending you have inside information about the movements of your sailor's ship. It could only be a black mark against him.

DO be the soul of discretion and improve the golden moments while he's away by nightly use of Erasmic Cold Cream. Rich in smooth fine oils, it floats out dirt, makes skin soft and youthful. When he comes back, you'll have chances galore to be "the luckiest girl" with "the handsomest man" in town.



DON'T embarrass him by bringing out your compact and powdering when you're both entertaining fellow officers.

DO be ready for such occasions by looking sweet and knowing it. No worry of shiny nose if you're using Erasmic Face Powder. It holds for hours; yes, even through the close-range work most sailors like to try!

ERASMIC Beauty Products



1/2 each

E.37.36

EVERY YEAR the value of these sensible Gifts increases . . .

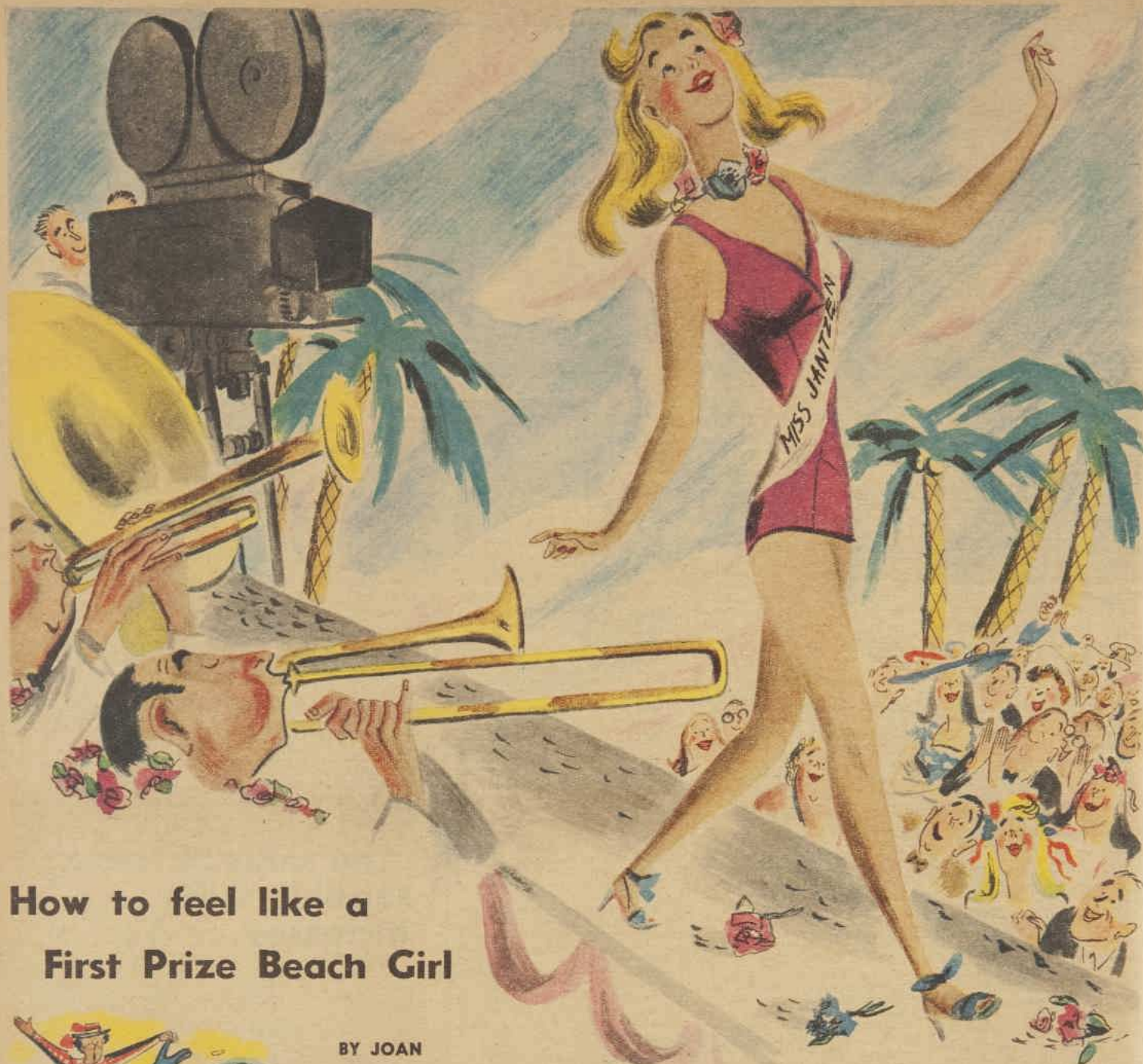


This Christmas give War Savings Certificates. Each year interest increases their value. The recipient may use them later to buy the many good things the post-war world will bring. In the meantime they contribute materially to Australia's war effort and, incidentally, save you a heap of trouble selecting this year's gifts.

MAKE THIS A **War Savings Christmas**

HERE'S HOW—Buy War Savings Certificates from any Bank, Savings Bank or Money Order Post Office; sixpenny War Savings Stamps with free gift folder from any Post Office, and 5/- National Savings Stamps with free presentation folder from any Savings Bank or Money Order Post Office.

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How to feel like a First Prize Beach Girl

BY JOAN



WHO believes that it's no use kidding yourself? Not little Joan, any more.

I've liked swimming since I was a kid, and to me a swim was a swim, and a swim suit was only something to go swimming in—until now.

Now something's happened. The something is a Jantzen—a wartime Jantzen of wool and simple cut. But it's got it, girls. I'm the size of a whisper and I weigh no more today than I did yesterday, but it holds me just right "up here" and takes good care of me everywhere else.

The first time I wore it I felt it doing things to me that no swim suit had ever done before.

It was a teeny bit on the tight side, but I was told to buy it that way.

Sure enough, the tight feeling left, but the feeling of being just beautifully kept in place continued on.

Oh, it's a lovely feeling to feel like a beach girl at last—to have another reason besides the surf for going to the beach.

Some tips, girls—some of which I mentioned in *The Australian Women's Weekly* just a few weeks back. The dear old girl who sold me my Jantzen put me wise.

First of all, buy your Jantzen according to your weight in street clothes. This is easy to do, because there's a size-indicator card on every Jantzen, with the size you should take indicated opposite your weight.

Also, and as just mentioned, you will almost certainly find that the Jantzen indicated by the size chart feels a teeny bit tight on you.

That's how it should be—after a swim or two, it adjusts itself to your figure.



Now, here's how to take care of your Jantzen.

1. After using, rinse suit at *once* in clear, cold water.
2. Do *not* use hot water or soap. Keep suit away from hot showers.
3. Dry *thoroughly*, away from sun or direct heat, *before* putting away.
4. Do not twist or wring—*squeeze* water out gently.

5. Avoid rough or abrasive surfaces.

6. Protect from moths or other insects.

7. Do *not* use cleaning solvents yourself. These should only be applied by professional cleaners.

Actually, there's not much to remember—in fact, it's all just a matter of common-sense. Don't you reckon?

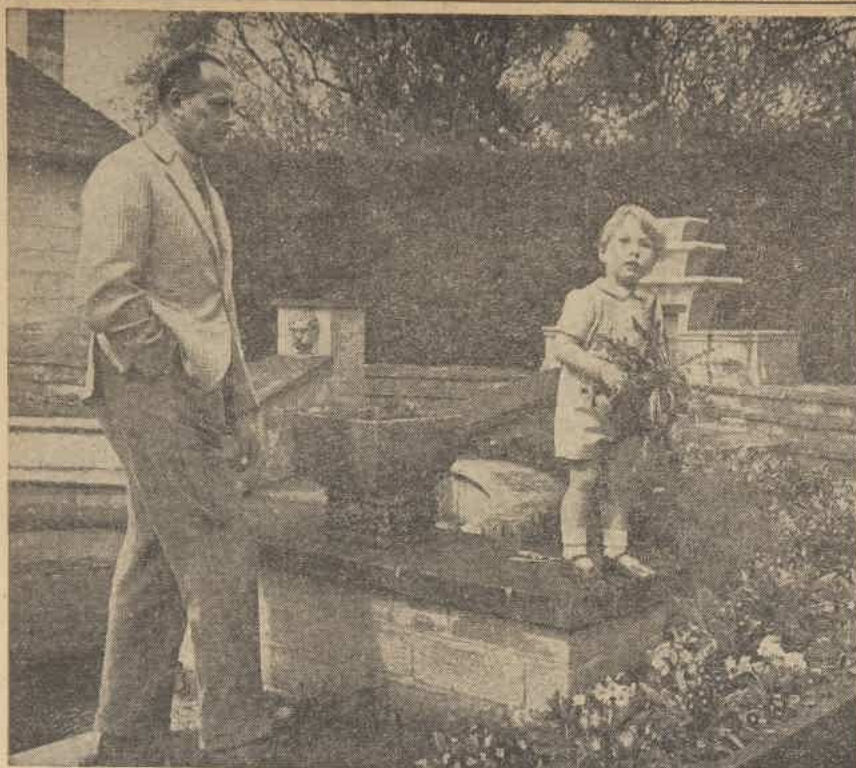
And I'm just thinking. If my simple little wartime Jantzen can make me feel like a prize-winning beach girl what am I going to feel like in one of those exotic, super-glamour models Jantzen will be bringing out in its first Victory range after the war?

Yippee! Oh, excuse me.



Jantzen





OLD HOME. The Duke of Gloucester and Prince William in the garden of their English home, Barnwell Manor, which they will soon be leaving. Already the furniture is shrouded in dustsheets.



NEW HOME, the gates of Yarralumla, Canberra, soon to be the Gloucesters' home, with Sgt. Whittle, Commonwealth Peace Officer, on duty.

Gloucesters in whirl of packing and farewells

Duchess has chosen floral frock in which to step ashore here

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are in a whirl of last-minute shopping, packing, and cramming in a round of farewells before they sail from England to take up the Duke's appointment as Governor-General of the Commonwealth.

Barnwell Manor, their English home, is stripped of every photo, souvenir, and favorite ornament. Barnwell without these lovely pieces, which will grace the rooms of Yarralumla, looks forlorn, and already that peculiarly lonely atmosphere a half-empty house has is creeping in.

DUSTSHEETS cover the furniture in the main lounge and drawing-rooms, while the Duke and Duchess are using only their small private sitting-room for their last days in England.

The beautiful gardens that for years have been the pride of the Duke and Duchess are already neglected-looking, for neither the Duke nor the Duchess has time for work out of doors, and the gardener has a full-time job in the vegetable gardens.

The Duchess has packed those clothes that will go in her trunks labelled "Wanted on the voyage."

They are mainly linen tennis frocks and one or two silk ones she has had made at Surmans, in Bond Street. There is a pair of slacks for the deck in rough weather. The last frock to be packed was a figured crepe-de-chine she has had specially made.

"Daisy-chain" neckline

THIS frock, which is the one the Duchess will probably wear to step ashore in Australia, is cut on straight and simple lines with neat pleating and long sleeves. Its only ornamentation is an attractive "daisy-chain" neckline.

The material has a black crepe-de-chine background with royal-blue, cyclamen, and red flowers in a small pattern.

These flowers are cut out to make a chain which lies flat against the high neckline.

While the Duchess packs busily Prince William is having great fun,

for there are dozens of fittings for him at the last minute.

He objected strongly at first, and fittings had to be turned into a game, which he has grown to enjoy and wants repeated.

His "best suit," the one in which he will arrive, has very fine pale blue woollen pants buttoned on to a white silk blouse smocked in blue at the yoke. This has just been finished.

Prince William has two new summer topcoats for Australia.

One in coral linen is double-breasted with very slightly flared skirt and a pleated, belted back. It is full length, with pants and stitched hat to match.

His "travelling coat" is in natural shantung—a piece the Duchess had had since before the war. It is cut on the same lines, with a matching hat and pants.

When the last-minute fittings were to take place, the dressmaker told me, she had to allow herself to be photographed with the Prince's toy camera before he would stand still.

When the coats were approved by the Duchess, Prince William insisted on putting them down under tissue paper in his trunks, getting quite excited and saying, "My new clothes for Australia."

Getting enough trunks to take their luggage has been one of the biggest problems for the Gloucesters.

Good travelling trunks are almost unobtainable, and, as with any family moving these days, there has been a "whip round" among other members of the Royal Family and friends.

Both the Duke and Duchess had a minimum amount of travel trunks, and with two children, added to the fact they have to take enough clothes to last the entire length of



IN UNIFORM. The Duchess of Gloucester, in the clothes in which she is best known to wartime England, her W.A.A.F. uniform. It is understood that for economy she will wear her English uniforms here.

their appointment, their own baggage is quite inadequate.

Lieut.-Commander Robertson, the good-looking young Comptroller of the Duke's household, has had a terrific job getting the whole entourage ready to leave.

During the war everything takes twice as long, and there are so many shortages that each item packed is the result of much time and care in shopping and despatching.

They have had to think and plan weeks ahead.

Packing-cases that go in the hold will contain as well as personal pieces a percolator, some saucepans, and a coffee service.

Though they had been told to buy in England, if obtainable, anything that Yarralumla is short of, to date the Gloucesters have spent only £5 on the percolator and saucepans.

The coffee service and some pieces of china belong to the Gloucesters. They are taking these to replace Yarralumla's china, which has been depleted through breakages. No linen is going out, and only a few pieces of silver—in fact, they are austerity trunks.

Youngest member of the Gloucesters' staff is pretty under-nurse Rosie Horne, just turned eighteen.

She has had a great rush getting games suitable for shipboard play for Prince William, and she has also had to get quoits, deck tennis net, and other deck games for the rest of the Royal party.

Mrs. Lightbody is the senior of the three nurses the Gloucesters are taking out.

She was Prince William's nurse, and now she has the Duke's youngest son, Prince Richard, to look after.

Flora Place, the second nurse, will look after Prince William.

Mrs. Lightbody is unmarried, but she takes the courtesy title of "Mrs." for it is customary in Royal and most English houses for the upper servants—cook, head nurse, and so on—to take the title of "Mrs."

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose's nurse, famous Mrs. Knight, who brought up the Queen, is really Miss Knight.

Not one of the nurses in the Gloucesters' entourage is college-trained.

They described themselves to me as "Old-fashioned nannies, trained in the nursery under a senior nurse."

Miss Matthews, the new cook, who will accompany the Gloucesters,

knows Australia well, as she went out with Lady Dugan.

The Duke and Duchess are not taking any of their old retainers, as they have only a skeleton staff at Barnwell, and it will be necessary to leave them there to look after the place during their absence.

Miss Elliott, the Duchess' personal maid, has the assistance of Miss Church, a very capable dressmaker, who is being taken out to do renovations and alterations, and make up sports and simpler frocks for wearing at home.

With her children growing up, the Duchess felt a dressmaker on the staff was an absolute necessity, as Prince Richard will have to wear most of Prince William's clothes as he grows into them, or as they are cut down for him.

Miss Church has probably been the busiest of all the Duchess' staff, as she has helped Viscountess Clive and Miss Ellen Philpotts with their clothes for the voyage.

Miss Alice Horsey, the Duchess' very efficient secretary, completes the senior members of the Duchess' domestic staff.

Pet parrot

THE fate of one of the most important members of the Duke's household has not yet been decided—it is the fate of Betty, the parrot.

Betty stands near the Duke's desk, and is a bright, garrulous bird given to him by Lord Louis Mountbatten.

While the Duke feels a sea trip is just what a bird like Betty would love, with the company of sailors from whom she learned her first baby words, it is also felt the British Government may not allow even Royal Betty to come back, as there is a ban on birds from other countries entering England.

Australian regulations, too, present other difficulties.

So while everyone in the Royal household puts finishing touches to their trunks for the Commonwealth, Betty stands in her cage near the Duke's desk with cheery words for everyone, whatever the weather, time of day or circumstances.

The Duke and Duchess have said all their farewells to relatives and friends, and the only party they are giving will be when they will have neighbors and friends round Barnwell in for tea.

County farmers, the village squire, vicar, and estate managers will be invited with their wives and families, as it is just a "neighborly" party to say good-bye to those people with whom they have lived, hunted, shot, and done war work throughout the last five years.

Editorial

DECEMBER 16, 1944

THE ROYAL VISITORS

THE coming arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester already looms large in the news.

In choosing a member of the Royal Family to be his representative in Australia, the King has helped to forge more firmly the bonds of loyalty that tie Australia to the British Empire.

Since the war broke out, the staunchness of the Royal Family, its simple way of life, its selfless devotion to the welfare of the British people, have won the admiration of the world.

During the blitz the King and Queen moved about tirelessly among the wounded and the homeless.

The Royal Family accepted from the first the British scale of war-time rationing.

They buy no more clothes and eat no more food than are available to the mass of the people.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester form part of this tradition of grace and service.

They have set their faces against any heavy expenditure on their behalf when they come to Australia.

The preparations which are described in our pages this week consist almost entirely of replacements and renovations.

King Watson, of our London staff, who went with a photographer to obtain our beautiful color-pictures, describes the naturalness of the family life at Barnwell Manor, the Duke and Duchess' English home.

A great deal of everybody's attention, he says, is centred on Prince William and Prince Richard, not because they are princes, but because they are a lively little boy and a pretty baby.

The lack of pretentiousness in this happy family group will appeal to Australians.

A cordial welcome awaits the Gloucesters.

Thrown clear when plane exploded

Airman tells of his joy at returning to England

An R.A.F. aircraft had completed its mission over France and was attacked when returning home. Before the crew could bail out the plane exploded.

F/O. Fred Kirkwood, R.A.A.F., was thrown clear and made a successful landing.

He was listed missing. Four months later came the report that he was safe.

In a letter to his mother, Mrs. W. Kirkwood, 14 Onslow St., Canterbury, N.S.W., F/O. Kirkwood describes his arrival back in England.

"WHAT a wonderful day it is! Back in England, I can hardly realise that it is true and not another dream. Things have changed so suddenly. My heart is too full of joy and thankfulness to write much.

"Everyone here has been marvelous, treating us like kings and heroes rolled in one.

"I brought three R.A.P. chaps back with me. I had collected them at different times, and had them for company for about the last month.

"What a welcome home we have had, and what a grand feeling to be in good old London once more.

"We flew across from Bayeux after our speedy trip back over the hundreds of miles through the lines, against the tremendously inspiring streams of supplies heading east.

"It was great to get airborne again, and especially to look down on those historic fields and beaches of Normandy. We flew almost up to Cherbourg to make the crossing.

"I sat up in front with the crew and heard the news that two more big towns we knew so well were liberated just as Selsey Bill hove into sight. England at last. Never did green fields and wooded hills look so good.

"We landed near London. Home!

Saved by miracle

"WHAT a welcome we had at Kodak House. They made sure we had everything we wanted. They couldn't do enough.

"I knew it was only a miracle that saved me when our life went down, and so did not expect to hear anything of my chaps. The boys inside didn't have a chance.

"Then I found out how my other pals had got along. I wasn't prepared for what was to come. Nearly all my pals are gone or P.O.W. Not one still here. That was too much; a hard blow indeed. The shine was gone from that day.

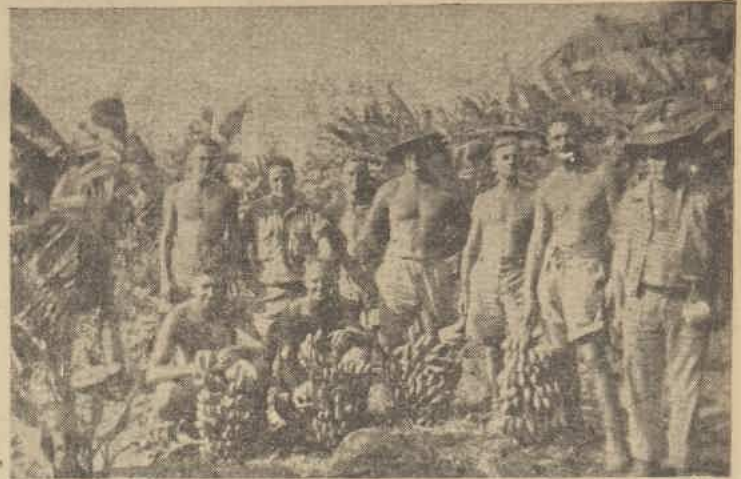
"I slipped off to find a barber. "Half-way down the street I heard a 'B!' and turned round to find an M.P. after me, and no wonder. You should have seen my rigout.

"When we left our Yankee friends and went over to the British sector at Bayeux they decided to give us a uniform again. A few too many of our boys had been getting back. They were out of R.A.A.F. stuff, and had only battledress size nine.

"My trousers were tucked up at least nine inches inside the legs and were secured with safety-pins. The tunic was not so bad, but you should have seen us in our khaki berets. They were indescribable.

"Until we get an issue from Kodak we will still wear them. We don't mind. Nothing disturbs us now-days. No wonder the M.P.s were curious. I didn't have an identity card, only dog-tags, but managed to satisfy him, and then I found a barber.

"Though I had managed to get one haircut, I had two and a half months' growth, as dry as tinder.



the 'Lord's Prayer' for them, and Renn sang 'Bless This House.'

"The service was completed with The King, which sounded so strange and inspiring."

Cpl. J. D. Gibbons, in New Guinea, to his wife at 6 Patrick Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.:

"THERE was quite a bit of excitement here the other night. A couple of Jap planes came and strafed the workshops, but luckily no one was hit. I got quite a thrill as I saw one of the bombers brought down in flames by the ack-ack guns.

"The planes must have been on a reconnaissance flight, and they seemed to have lost their bearings.

"We were awakened in the early hours of the morning by the roar of ack-ack guns. It was quite dark except for the moon just showing through a break in the clouds. Then we saw one of the planes pass directly under the moon.

"Of course it was a sitting shot for the guns; we could see the shells going up into the sky just like fireballs, and the plane burst into flames as it was hit, and came down like a comet, with sparks shooting from it.

"Next morning we went and had a look at what was left of it, just a mass of twisted junk scattered for hundreds of yards.

"As I looked at what remained of that Jap plane I could imagine more vividly what a great sacrifice our gallant airmen are making."

Sgt. H. Orford, in New Guinea, to his sister, May Orford, 7 The Boulevard, Hawthorn, Vic.:

"THE one to-morrow should be the best birthday party we have had here yet, as there is a great joke to be played.

"One of our sergeants will be 40, and he has been pestering the cooks to make him a birthday cake—and that started things.

"He is getting his cake all right, but the ingredients are concrete instead of the usual mixture, and it is to be iced to hide its innards.

"After the sergeant finds he cannot cut the cake, a 14lb. sledgehammer will come in.

"To put forty candles on would be too much, so the cake will be flanked with four lanterns.

"After the fun is over, a beautiful plum duff will come in with forty wax matches all lit up—can't you see the sergeant trying to blow them all out!"

"I have letters you receive from your men. I talk to the fighting Services with interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

BANANAS AND GROWERS. Soldiers in the Northern Territory with bananas of their own growing. Pte. Vincent Marchant (second from right, standing) sent the photo to his wife at Topram, via Poonm, Vic.

Interesting People

CAPT. MARY CHURCHILL

... A.T.S. in firing-line

YOUNGEST daughter of British Prime Minister, Captain Mary Churchill, has been appointed to active service in Belgium. Is battery commander in Auxiliary Territorial anti-aircraft establishment. The A.T.S. batteries, comprising 1500 girls, are attached to British Army sector. This is first time in history British women have been given combatant duties on Continent. Twenty-two-year-old Mary joined A.T.S. in 1941 as private.



BRIG. J. ROCKINGHAM

... darned if he would!

AUSTRALIAN-BORN Brigadier John Rockingham, 33, who led Canadian troops in final assault on Boulogne, is one of youngest brigadiers in Allied Forces.

After receiving surrender of German commander at Boulogne, he is reported as saying: "I gave him a cigarette and then he wanted me to light it for him ... Darned if I would!" Born in Sydney, he was educated at Melbourne Grammar School. Went to Canada in 1930.



MISS M. BLYTHE

... director nursery school

DIRECTOR of first day nursery and nursery school in N.S.W. built and equipped by municipal council, recently opened at Mar-rickville, Sydney.

Miss Margaret Blythe is graduate of Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Association Training College, only college in Australia training in this work.

"Our aim is to develop the children mentally, physically, emotionally, and socially," she explains. "Great need is for more schools and trained staff. Pupils mostly children of working or invalid mothers."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By Wep.



HONEYMOONERS. Dr. Peter Russo and bride, formerly Mitty Lee-Brown, of Sydney, at their flat at Kew, Melbourne, where they will make their future home.



TO MAKE HOME IN CANBERRA. Lovely Shaktantala Paranjpye, daughter of new Indian High Commissioner, Sir Raghunath Paranjpye, with her daughter, Sai. Her little toy sword and shield were made for her by ship's captain on way to Australia to use for Indian dance she performed on board ship for passengers' amusement.



SMILE FOR SYDNEY AIRMAN. Queen Elizabeth posed specially for P/Lt. Ron Millyard, R.A.A.F., when she was leaving the Churchill Club in London when Ron was visitor there while on leave. Ron sent photo to his wife, Peggy Millyard, who lives at Cremorne.

On and off DUTY.

SO much talk about Canberra these days, with the event of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's arrival looming near, that I decide to pack my bags and off to Capital to catch up with pre-Christmas round of gaiety.

Most exciting event is Graduation Day at Royal Military College, Duntroon. After passing-out ceremony in afternoon—where Acting Governor-General, Sir Winston Dugan, attends—cadets invite Canberra's loveliest debutantes and sub-debs to attend graduation dance held in gymnasium, specially decorated for occasion by cadets themselves, and transformed into ball-room for evening.

Senior under-officer, K. W. Newton, and wife of commandant, Mrs. B. Combes, receive guests. Pictorial note during evening's gaiety when feminine guests pin on "pips" to cadets' uniforms. Proudly watching festivities is Col. L. Richardson, in charge of administration at college.

HEAR that informal dance given by Joy Carrodus to farewell some of cadets from college is great success. Joy entertains friends as finale to garden fete arranged by Red Cross Younger Set Auxiliary in garden of home of Joy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Carrodus.

YET another successful dance was that held at Boys' Grammar School, American Minister, Nelson Johnson, is president of school's Parents and Friends' Association, as the Johnsons' young son, Nelson Beck (Nebbe), is student at school. Headmaster Canon W. J. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards greet guests at dance, which raises funds for school's sports oval.

SPEAKING of the Johnsons—it's been a busy time for them, what with the "breaking up" of the Boys' Grammar and Girls' Grammar School both on same day—Nebbe attends Boys' Grammar and Betty Jane is pupil at Girls' Grammar. Betty celebrates ninth birthday with party at home.



CANBERRA INTEREST. Photo from Melbourne of Mick Shann and Mrs. Shann, formerly Betty Evans, who have flat at Kew now that they have returned from Sorrento honeymoon. Mick recently transferred from Canberra's branch of Department of Labor and Industry to Melbourne. While at capital he was producer for local repertory group.

NOT only in Canberra are preparations for arrival of our new Governor-General and his lady in full swing. Lovely old Admiralty House, Sydney, is also receiving attention before it welcomes new tenants.

Believe Duke's study—which is austere furnished—already has logs set in fireplace. Bookcases have been emptied so that they will be ready to receive his own treasures from book world.

ARCHBISHOP's room at Admiralty House, which will probably be one of the main bedrooms, has been slept in by a member of Duke's family—Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, when he visited us many years ago. Room, which opens on to sun-porch overlooking our beautiful Harbor, is where Lord Gowrie spent nearly all his leisure moments before leaving Australia.



CANBERRA COMMITTEEWOMEN. Mrs. E. W. Parsons (left), Mrs. J. Carrodus, showing doll to Mrs. Nelson P. Johnson, Mrs. W. G. Woodger with Mrs. Norman Weir at afternoon tea at home of Mrs. Carrodus, Mugga Way. All women are actively engaged in local charitable and patriotic work.



LEAVING CHURCH. Gunner Reg Stewart, A.I.F., and pretty bride, formerly Pat Borthwick, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, after marriage. Pat, who is physiotherapy student, is daughter of Mrs. N. S. Smith, of Manly, and late W. P. Borthwick, of Inverell. Reg is son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Stewart, of Manly. Has served for five years, and seen service in Middle East and New Guinea.

DO you know that the Duchess of Gloucester's birthday is Christmas Day? She was born on December 25, 1901. Instead of wintry English day, Duchess will now celebrate in brilliant Australian sunshine.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY: Recital by well-known pianist Beatrice Tange at Conservatorium this Friday. Proceeds for Legacy War Orphans' Appeal. Christmas party arranged by Metropolitan Air Force Younger Set for this Saturday at White City, Rushcutters Bay.

AUSTRALIAN Wattle League, New South Wales branch—parent branch—hopes to have lovely feathery sheaf of wattle to welcome Duchess of Gloucester when she first steps on Australian soil.

LOTS of interest in final day of Exhibition of Allied Works Council at National Art Gallery, when Lieut.-General H. Gordon Bennett gives address. Believe that more than 25,000 people have visited exhibition.

Joyce



DIPLOMATIC CIRCLE. Chinese Minister, Dr. Hsu Mo, and Mrs. Hsu Mo, with wife of the French Legation Secretary, Mme Robert Chauvet, toast each other at recent Canberra party. Members of diplomatic circle in Canberra form part of capital's social background.



CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Noel Allen, repatriated P.O.W., and his bride, formerly Monica Alderson, cut cake at reception at Amory, Ashfield, after marriage at St. John's, Ashfield. Attendees, Ronald Allen (left), Miriam Green, bride's brother, Alan Alderson, who was P.O.W., with Noel, and Iris Hughes.

Help beat war restlessness

ALL wives, mothers, and friends of discharged soldiers should encourage and help their menfolk in every way possible to settle down to positions they held before the war, or to something better if it is readily available.

Many soldiers of the last war were restless, wanting changes all the time, with the result that years later they found themselves in poorly paid positions, without the security they might have had if they had stuck to one job.

Suggest changes and variety in the men's occupation at week-ends and during holidays, but use all your feminine influence to encourage them to stick to their right job instead of switching from one to another because of war restlessness.

Cl to Mrs. V. Harrison, 46 Hillcrest St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Spoilt sons

IT is only natural for a mother to love her son, but I consider that doting mothers who wait unnecessarily on their sons are a menace to the community.

I know of at least one mother who polishes her son's boots and shoes,



and he's a great hulking young man who is soon to be married.

Poor little wife-to-be! Will she consider that cleaning her spouse's boots is part of her wifely duties? I wonder!

5/- to "Relation," Horne St., Koroff, Vic.

What's on your mind?

Revive pantomime

CHRISTMAS is almost with us, and again there are none of those once familiar pantomimes which gladdened the hearts of children and adults alike.

Remember the marvelous transformation scenes, the good, clean fun, and all the other features we loved so well.

Yes, I know that there is a war on, but that can hardly be put forward as an excuse for not having these pantomimes. We have vaudeville and drama in wartime, so why not pantomime once a year?

5/- to Mrs. J. Dwyer, 147 Woll St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

Booklets for young

IN instructing children in sex education, the obvious and simplest method seems to have been overlooked; that is, to let young people at a suitable age read for themselves simply worded booklets on biology.

I have just read such a booklet (price 1/6) that is so simply and clearly worded that any intelligent girl or boy of 12 or 13 could not fail to understand.

My idea is that such a booklet (first approved by the proper authorities) be handed to each schoolchild at a suitable age by the head teacher or other authorised person, with instructions that the child study it carefully, and if in doubt about anything ask questions of the said teacher, parent, or authorised person.

This method would save a lot of embarrassment to all concerned, and keep the subject from being bandied about too freely.

More knowledge of sex in itself does not necessarily make for better conduct. Too much emphasis on the subject could lead to an immoral rather than immoral attitude.

5/- to F. D. Marshall, 430 Penshurst St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Economy or waste

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 12. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pseudonyms.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Overworked doctors

THE waiting-rooms of some of our overworked doctors are crowded with people requiring certificates—for a new baby's clothing coupons, for extra butter, cream, brandy, olive oil, and even hot-water bottles.

Surely some other means could be found whereby doctors could be relieved of the certificate burden, and thereby be able to give more time to patients who are more urgently in need of their services.

5/- to Judith Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

WHAT with one thing and another, it was twilight before Major Love, fortified with reminiscence, left the club, and despatch case in hand, made his way back to his rooms. He was standing by the kerb near Wellington Barracks, waiting to let a lorry get by, when someone hit him briskly on the head.

He remembered no more. The gentle, swaying motion made him think at first he was back on the troopship that had brought him home to England. Then he realised this was no ship, but a lorry. Nor was it an ambulance taking him to hospital after an accident. In fact, there was something extremely queer about all this.

The lorry stopped with a sudden jerk. The duckboard went down with a clatter. Two men clambered up, and seated themselves on the back of the lorry. Something told Major Love that the wisest course would be to appear more unconscious than he was, meantime.

"Looks like it went off O.K.," said the first man. The second appeared the unchatty sort. He merely grunted. "Nothing to do now, only wait for him," said the first man.

The second man grunted again. "Not my line," went on the first man. "Of course, we get a share out. I grant you that. But it's not worth the risk. If I do have to join up in this racket, what I say is, why don't I do it on my own? Why share out with anyone else?"

"Why do we? You've said it." "Why not take this little lot and hoof it before he gets here. Because if we clear out, what can he do? Anyway, it's the chap in there the cops will be looking for, at any rate for a while. Come on!"

The second man bent over Major Love for a moment.

"He's still out. We made a good job of it. Heave him into the bushes. The Boss won't know then, for a while, that it's not him has vanished. That'll shake him up."

The bushes were mainly bramble, with a leavening of gorse, and Major Love subsided into them to the tune of considerable ripping.

He waited for a while, until the clatter of footsteps on the high road died away. Then with some difficulty he disengaged himself from the undergrowth, wondering what the thieves would say when they found that his case was empty, save for a pair of golf shoes that needed repairing, and a pair of sock suspenders with utility elastic.

His first thought was to wait for the Boss, whoever he might be, and tell him what had happened. Mature consideration emphasised the unwisdom of this course. The Boss might not believe him. He decided to have a look at him first. He therefore climbed a fir-tree a little way down the road, and waited.

Presently a small car came along. It was driven by a uniformed chauffeur. Out of it, in the moonlight, got the old dame woman Major Love recollected he had seen in the jeweller's shop trying to dispose of a

Economy or waste

IN these days, when we are exhorted to exercise care, thrift, and economy, we are disappointed to find that much of the emergency planning does not help us.

Take coupons for example. Try buying material to make men's shirts and pyjamas or a woman's frock and you find it is little more coupon-thrift to make the article oneself than to buy it ready-made.

Yet when we buy ready-made, we are using precious labor which could be otherwise employed to the country's advantage.

At present, when every penny is needed to hasten victory, it seems ironical to the economically minded housewife that lingerie and such essential articles of clothing, are, in the majority of cases, unobtainable in durable, hard-wearing materials.

Shoddy celanese and suchlike abound in our stores, yet reasonably priced, sensibly styled articles are practically non-existent.

Children's shoes are of shoddy manufacture, which causes numerous foot ailments, and are extravagant buying.

5/- to "I.A.M." School House, Campania, Tas.

Nursemaids from East

IT is now doubtful if, in war or peace, Australian mothers will be able to find nursemaids.

Could the Federal Government help by starting negotiations with the Chinese and Indian Governments for the services of 12,000 girls wishing to be trained in Australia as children's nursemaids?

Should the girls wish, after a period of five years, to return to their own countries, the knowledge and training received in Australia would be of great value in the education of their own people.

5/- to J. Somerville Smith (Director More Babies Campaign), 168 Queen St., Melbourne.

Enemies at home

HUNDREDS of millions of pounds are freely looted in wartime for one purpose—the preservation of our country.

Three enemies, drought, erosion, and bushfires, to-day take what we are fighting to save.

A very small fraction of those millions, if raised in peacetime for the purpose of saving Australia from the enemies at home, would return the outlay a thousandfold.

5/- to K. P. Blackman, 131 Wellington St., Bondi, N.S.W.

The Golden Mug

Continued from page 4

jewelled Easter egg. Then Major Love understood, even before the old lady, removing her wig and skirt and limp, became a mere man.

The thing now was to find a telephone and immediately inform the police. Making a note of the car and the lorry numbers, Major Love waited until the man, very angry, had driven himself off in the lorry after a short conversation with his confederate, in which Major Love caught only "double-crossed."

He set out along the road lit by moonlight, and staggered interminably on, hungry, weary, and cold.

Suddenly the air above him was filled with an enchanting smell. Coffee! At last he had come to a dip in the downs, not empty. There were rows of wooden huts, and on the outskirts of them a somewhat rambling collection of tents and out-buildings, along the side of which were painted the letters N.A.A.F.I.

Major Love leaned thankfully against the door. He was just about all in. He could hear a knot of girls chattering round the urns.

"So I said to him, keep your breath to cool your porridge, I said, for a sensible girl like me isn't going to listen to a story like that, I said. And then he... Ow, look!"

They looked in a body, at Major Love tangled and tousled, his clothing torn, his badges and a good many buttons gone. He said, faintly: "A cup of coffee, please."

The girls took no notice of him, beyond saying casually: "Not open till eight," continuing their interminable conversation about some young man. And then, relief was suddenly at hand.

SHE was a slim, dark little girl with smooth, straight hair. She put her hand on Major Love's arm, and led him to a chair. "Bring some coffee, Gladys... he's all in..." she said. Gladys brought some, grumbling. She stared at Major Love, then gave a squeal and clapped her hand to her mouth. "It's him... It is him... The one we were told to look out for. Gold hair and moustache. Look, Celia."

The girl called Celia said, gently: "Oh, no. I'm sure it isn't him. He's not that sort."

"It's him... I'm going to fetch Jack and Ted," the first girl insisted. "Wait..." said the other girl urgently. "I'm sure you're wrong." But the first girl had gone. The one they called Celia stood looking at him thoughtfully. "You didn't steal a golden mug, did you?"

"Me?" said Major Love, "rather not."

Before he could say any more, Gladys came back, accompanied by the two largest, widest Canadian military policemen Major Love had ever seen. They regarded Major Love with oddly innocent wide blue eyes. "Looks like it's him all right," said Jack (or Ted). "Bad luck, son. You had a shot at it, but it didn't come off."

A Message to Mothers



It's about that girl of yours who wants to join the Army. You don't like the thought of her leaving home. You are anxious about her welfare, her companionships, her future. Where the A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S. are concerned you need have no anxiety. Your daughter's health, welfare, environment and post-war career will be carefully safeguarded. She will enjoy the life—and will have the satisfaction that you would have had at her age... the satisfaction of serving her country in a time of real crisis.

ENCOURAGE HER TO JOIN THE

A.W.A.S.
OR **A.A.M.W.S.**

Full details from your local Army Women's Recruiting Depot or Area Office.



A7-26

Please turn to page 43

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

SATURDAY, December 16, can be unfortunate for many rash individuals, especially if they belong to the signs Gemini, Virgo, or Pisces.

All these people must be wary if they would avoid losses, partings, worries, and arguments at this time.

Thursday, December 14, and Tuesday, December 19, can be very fortunate, particularly for Sagittarians and Arians, and also for many Aquarians and Librans. All these latter groups should plan ahead for new projects, important changes, advancement, and happiness.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Work hard now. Fortune smiles. Start new projects, seek progress, gains, and new friends, especially on December 14 and 18 (except between 10 a.m. and noon). December 15 (to 8 a.m.) poor; evening good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Routine best now, but plan ahead. Better times soon. Meanwhile, December 18 (midday) fair. Rest of week rather poor.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be guarded against losses, opposition, partings, and adverse changes. Dodge discord, misrepresentation, and big decisions, especially on December 15, 18, 19, and 20. Patience and routine work best.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Speed really urgent matters now or let them wait until next week. December 14 and 19 (except forenoon) fair. December 20 (near dusk) fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): A queer week. Splendid possibilities, but there may be confusion and over-confidence. Things can be fortunate on December 14 (noon to midnight), December 15 (late evening), and December 16 (except midday). Avoid rashness and loss on December 19 and 20.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Live quietly this week. Especially on December 19, 18, and 20 (evening). Avoid changes and risks.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): December 14 (forenoon to midnight) and December 19 (late evening) favor you. December 18 (except forenoon) very fortunate.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Seek moderate gains and changes on December 20 (dusk). For the rest of the week caution and ordinary routine are advisable.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Good fortune possible. Set important projects in motion; seek changes and happiness. December 14 excellent. December 15 (evening) good. December 18 (sunrise and after 6 p.m.) poor; balance fair. December 19 (forenoon) poor; rest of day excellent.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Plan ahead; better times soon. Meanwhile, December 14, December 18 (midday), and December 19 (except forenoon) all helpful.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Fortunate prospects. Work hard. December 14 very good. December 19 (to 10 a.m. and from noon till midnight) excellent.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): Live quietly just now. Difficulties and delays predominate, especially on December 14, 15, and 16. Avoid changes, arguments, delays, and misjudgments.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"We don't know what it is, but it makes a wonderful Christmas gift because it's not rationed."



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, who now has LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant again, has been called to Washington and told that a number of people have disappeared. Also in Washington is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Mandrake's one love. Her beauty attracts the attention of

BARON KORD: A sinister-looking man. Kord engineers an introduction to Narda, sends her flowers. Mandrake is annoyed. When Narda is riding in the park, Kord gets two men to frighten her horse, then rushes to the rescue. He admits he arranged it all to meet her. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

PEOPLE BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE ROYAL ARRIVAL

Well-known public servants
are busy with detailed plans

Dozens of people in several Government departments are working on the preparations for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Canberra.

For some of them the preparations are all in the day's work. For others they mean a great deal of detailed planning in addition to their routine duties.

EVERYONE from Dolly, the mower horse at Yarralumla, to the official secretary and the head of the Prime Minister's Department, is making some contribution so that everything will be in readiness when the Vice-Regal car, flying the Royal Standard, drives through the tall iron gates of Government House.

Capt. Leighton Seymour Bracegirdle, official secretary to the Governor-General, might be called "stage manager" for the Duke and Duchess.

He carries out all the domestic and official arrangements for their arrival and term of office.

He is in constant touch with the Duke's staff in London, and is initially responsible for the alterations and decorations at Yarralumla and Admiralty House, Sydney, for household supplies, staff, transport, and the Duke's programme of official engagements.

Briskly efficient, and an excellent raconteur off duty, Capt. Bracegirdle has been stage-managing Governors-General for thirteen years.

He was aide-de-camp to Lord Forster, Lord Stonehaven, and Lord Somers. In 1931, when Sir Isaac Isaacs was Governor-General, he was appointed to the post he still holds of military and official secretary.

He was a cadet-midshipman when he was 17, served in the China war and South African war. In the last war he rose from lieutenant to commander, serving in German New Guinea and Gallipoli.

He was awarded the D.S.O. and mentioned in dispatches three times in 1916, received the C.M.G. in 1935, and wears also the ribbons of the China medal, and South African medal with three clasps.

Capt. and Mrs. Bracegirdle have two sons, Lieut.-Commander Warwick Bracegirdle, D.S.C., gunnery officer on an Australian cruiser, and Squadron-Leader Brian Bracegirdle, who was a fighter-pilot in the Middle East and New Guinea, and is now with a Catalina squadron.

All new buildings, alterations, renovations, and furnishings at Yarralumla and Admiralty House are carried out by the Department of Interior, of which handsome Joseph Aloysius Carrodus, C.B.E., is secretary.

Mr. Carrodus has been responsible for every building project in the Federal capital for the past nine years.

In that time he has supervised additions costing £25,000 to Yarralumla, more than 2000 cottages for public servants, administration buildings, new wings at Parliament House, and the modern new hospital.

In the nine years, £15,000,000 has been spent by his department.

Mr. Carrodus claims to be a handy man round the house, but admits that the shelves he built in his toolshed out of an old piano case have not really been a stable success.

He joined the Public Service as a despatch boy in 1904 with the Prime

Minister's and External Affairs Department, which was eventually divided, one half of the department becoming the Department of Interior.

Mr. Carrodus served four years in the last war, rising to captain from the ranks, represented New Guinea at the Permanent Mandates Commission in Geneva, in 1926, and was acting administrator of Northern Territory just before he took up his present job.

Parks and gardens

THREE men will be responsible for the impression Canberra makes as a garden city when the Duke and Duchess drive through its wide avenues to their new home.

They are the Superintendent of Parks and Gardens, Mr. L. D. Pryor, a young man with high scientific qualifications, who was appointed to his job this year, and whose work covers all the parks and gardens of the city; Mr. Scott, the head gardener at Yarralumla; and Mr. Charlie May, who oversees the



USHER OF THE BLACK ROD, Mr. W. I. Emerson, with his wife and children, Beverley, Donald, and Geoffrey, in their lovely garden at Canberra.



MR. J. A. CARRODUS, C.B.E., secretary, Department of Interior, checks Yarralumla inventory with auditor, Mr. W. Pierson.



PARLIAMENTARY OFFICER, P.M.'s Department, Mr. J. S. Murray, with his wife, son Don, and Nobby, the dog.



CHIEF STEWARD at Parliament House, Mr. Harold Napthall, plays chess with his elder son, Harold, while Mrs. Napthall, John, and Betty look on. The chessmen are more than 200 years old, and Mr. Napthall made the tools himself, out of dead matches.



TROUT FISHING in the Murrumbidgee. Mr. Frank Green, Clerk of the House of Representatives, can give the Duke a lot of advice on one of his favorite pastimes.



OFFICIAL SECRETARY to the Governor-General, Capt. L. S. Bracegirdle, and his wife. They have lived for 13 years in the official secretary's cottage in Yarralumla grounds.

Flower-filled gardens at Parliament House

All three have had to cope with manpower and supply problems, but they hope to put on a good display for the Royal arrival.

If the Duke visits the House of Representatives he will meet sandy-haired sturdy Frank Green, Clerk of the House. If he is looking for information about Canberra's personalities of the past and present, Frank Green is his man.

Philosophic and witty, Frank Green is one of the House's most likeable personalities. He can also tell the Duke the best spots for trout fishing in the Australian Capital Territory and in his own native Tasmania.

He won the Military Cross in the last war, and his book, "The Fortified," the history of his old battalion, is still an enthralling reading.

All arrangements for the journey of the Duke and his party, their arrival, and implementing the work suggested by the official secretary and the Department of Interior are a matter for the Prime Minister's Department.

Much of this work falls on the shoulders of the secretary of the department, Mr. F. Strahan, and Mr. J. S. Murray, Parliamentary Officer of the department.

They are responsible for the general direction of arrangements,

and for supervision of arrival plans and the ceremony of swearing-in the Duke as Governor-General.

Apart from his years in the artillery in the last war, Mr. Murray has been in the Public Service for 31 years, looks much younger than his years. He was a keen cricketer, now spends his spare time in his victory vegetable garden.

His two sons, John and Don, carry on the cricket tradition.

In charge of the ceremony when the Duke is sworn-in and when he opens Parliament will be Mr. W. J. Emerson, Under of the Black Rod.

A member of the Public Service for 17 years, Mr. Emerson became correspondence clerk in 1930, clerk of records, then Under two years ago. Of the many impressive ceremonies he has witnessed, he thinks perhaps the most impressive was the last opening of Parliament performed by Lord Gowrie.

Mr. Emerson is also Clerk of Committees and secretary of the war expenditure and social security committees.

St. John's, the oldest church in Canberra—the original church was built in 1841—will be the official church of the Duke as Governor-General.

It will also be parish church for the Duke and Duchess as private parishioners.

It is expected that they will also

attend other churches in the Territory in their official capacity.

The little church can hold only 280 people, and there is always a large congregation, including seven or eight rows of pupils from the Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

At official and commemorative services the pews are filled with Parliamentary and Government officials and members of the Diplomatic Corps of all nationalities.

The Duke's vicar is Archdeacon C. S. Robertson, who has been St. John's vicar for 15 years.

A man of forceful personality, he is known in Canberra as "the fighting parson," because once when trying to persuade a husband who ill-treated his wife to mend his ways he used his fists to drive home his argument.

As Canberra is part of his bishopric, the Bishop of Goulburn, Dr. Burgmann, will soon transfer his residence to the Federal Capital. He will have a temporary dwelling for the duration, but a Bishop's palace will be built after the war.

The bishop will preach at St. John's at the invitation of the parish.

Catering career

If a State banquet is held at Parliament House to welcome the Duke, the Chief Steward, Harold Napthall, will go into action.

Faithful, friendly Mr. Napthall started his catering career twenty years ago, washing dishes.

Before his appointment at Canberra seven years ago, he was on the restaurant staff at N.S.W. Parliament House.

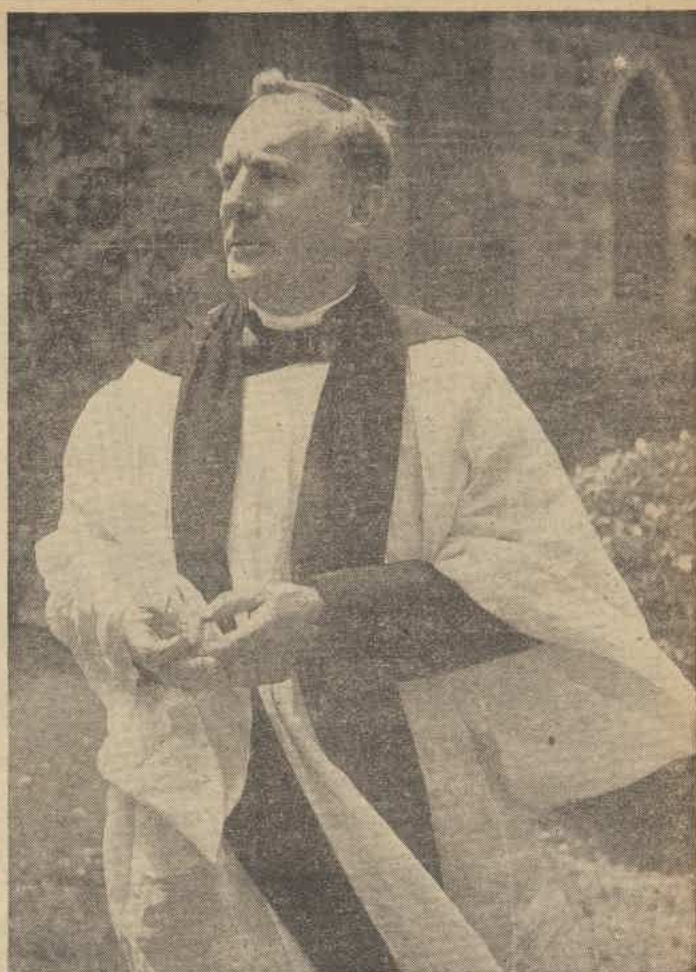
As third-in-charge at the N.S.W. House, he helped to stage the dinner for 1000 guests at the Sydney Town Hall in honor of the Duke of Gloucester on his last visit, and the dinner for 1000 at the Sydney Town Hall for the 150th Anniversary celebrations.

The largest functions he has arranged since the war were the dinner for Mrs. Roosevelt, 90 guests; Empire Parliamentary Association, 150 guests; two dinners for General MacArthur, 130 guests; and the farewell dinner for Lord Gowrie, 120 guests.

During the war all dinners and lunches are austerity meals—three courses only—and Mr. Napthall has had no instructions about departing from this rule in the event of a Ducal dinner.

When the House is sitting the restaurant staff is fifty strong. Twenty-two waitresses polish the silver, doing a section of it every day.

Mr. Napthall's hobby is chess. He plays with a magnificent Chinese Ivory set, believed to be at least 200 years old. He bought the set in



DUKE'S VICAR, Archdeacon C. S. Robertson, rector of St. John's Church, Canberra.

broken pieces, flung into a paper bag, and repaired them himself with minute pieces cut from an old billiard ball.

Every piece is mounted on a delicate base linked to the chessman figures with "puzzle balls." These are spheres cut in filigree inside each other from the one piece of ivory.

He plays chess on a table he made, its whole surface made from dead matches finished with veneer.

Mr. W. Dunbar is Director of Canberra's Tourist Bureau. But he doesn't expect to be busy with tourists when the Duke arrives.

Canberra is already overcrowded with its own 13,000 inhabitants. Mr. Dunbar's chief task in wartime is coping with travel priorities.

As secretary of Canberra Rotary, president of the combined Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. Hospitality Centre for the Services, member of Documentary Films and Entertainment Committees, and vice-president of the Alpine Club, he will play an active part in arrangements to introduce the Duke and Duchess to their new home town.

The Alpine Club, of which Mr. Lane Pool is president, has its own chalet on the top of Mt. Franklin. If the Duke and Duchess and their staff want to visit the snow country the club will probably arrange to make the chalet available to them.

Canberra citizens give a great deal of their time to the local war effort and to community activities, and through these organisations many may meet the Royal couple.

Most men and women belong to at least half a dozen organisations. They claim there are more associations to the square mile in Canberra than in any other city.

In a staff emergency some of Canberra's leading citizens, including the Chief of Police, Taxation Commissioner, and the Crown Solicitor, provided a full overnight roster to staff the Y.M.C.A.'s servicemen's hostel, making beds and cups of tea and tidying rooms.

Lord and Lady Gowrie played a practical and enthusiastic part in Canberra's community life.

While no decisions will be made beforehand for the patronage of the Duchess, Lady Gowrie has assured the women's organisations she helped so actively of the Duchess' interest in the work they are doing.

—A.S.S.



TOURIST BUREAU director, Mr. W. Dunbar, like many Canberra citizens, is associated with numerous local activities in which the Duke and Duchess will be interested.



CLEANING SILVER in Parliament House restaurant. Left to right: Waitresses Miss Gwen Thomas, Mrs. Amy Blumenthal, waitress Claude Day, and waitress Mrs. Eileen Sherwin.



RED CROSS YOUNGER SET has raised £550 in six months from its hand-made toys, and will present two of its toys to the young Princes. Miss Jacky Ryan, member of Set, shows some of the toys.



A sweet-treat of the future

Remember those delightful parties...how the tables were decorated with tinsel, party caps and streamers...and dishes heaped with Pascall Sweets...Fruit Bonbons...Butter Almonds... Butter Cashews...Butter Nut and Raisin Clusters, and all the other members of this delicious assortment. Remember how some people clamoured for their particular favourites — how others loved them all? Pascall Sweets will be just as sweet a treat in the future when all the current difficulties are past, and we are again at peace. Today however, transport regulations do not allow the shipment of civilian supplies of Pascall's Sweets from Tasmania.

Pascall
FRUIT BON BONS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Dec. 14 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Dec. 15: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Dec. 16: Goodie Reeve presents "A 41's Competition, 'Mildly Fearsome'."
SUNDAY, Dec. 17 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Dec. 18: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, Dec. 19: "What's On the Menu?"

Topical problems debated

Forty speakers have taken part in "Youth Speaks," the session from station 2GB, which has been on the air for two years and recently presented its 100th performance.

As a variation of this feature, a South Australian edition will be given from 2GB on December 15, at 7.30 p.m., when a subject of topical interest will be debated.

Alan Saunders, chief announcer of SDN, will be chairman. His job will be to decide from the applause which team is victorious.

Ray Jacobs, 16, and Peter Barnard, 17, pupils of King's College, will take the affirmative side. They will be opposed by Keith McNeil, 15, of Adelaide High School, and Robert Daugherty, 17, St. Peter's College.

"Youth Speaks" is conducted in the form of an Oregon debate, which differs slightly from an ordinary debate. The last two speakers have the right to cross-examine the opening speakers of the opposing team so that many points are clarified and further arguments put forward.

This session has proved that the youth of to-day concerns itself seriously with world affairs, and is keenly alive to the great problems facing it in the post-war period.

In these debates the boys do not necessarily express their real opinions; often they are allotted the task of supporting the opposite of their own convictions.

Burning questions

SOME of the subjects that have been debated from 2GB in this session are: "Can Parents Be Blamed For Child Delinquency?" "Should We Have a National Theatre?" "Should University Education Be Absolutely Free and Only Obtainable by Scholarship?" and "Should All Children Be Sent to Boarding-school at the Age of 12?"

When subjects for debate particularly concern women, or can be better discussed if the feminine viewpoint is given, girls are included in the debating team. Two such subjects were "Should Women Remain in Industry After the War?" and "Should Homework Be Abolished?"

Boys and girls have been called upon occasionally to debate subjects which have appeared beyond their years, but in all cases these subjects were discussed with enthusiasm and eloquence, and the debaters put forth arguments providing plenty of food for thought.

For the 100th performance of "Youth Speaks" four veteran speakers were called upon to discuss a most topical matter, "Would collective bargaining be an improvement on the present arbitration system?"

The four speakers were John Blunt, 16, and Julius Rinteln, 16, who teamed together on the affirmative side, and Malcolm Hilbury, 17, and Murray Sayle, 18, for the negative.

The winners are decided by the extent of the applause, which is gauged by a sensitive sound appliance which registers the volume of sound.

In this debate the negative side, Malcolm Hilbury and Murray Sayle, was pronounced the winner.

Chairman of the N.S.W. edition of "Youth Speaks" is John Dease,



Fashion PATTERNS

F2321—Adorable new season's swimsuit. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3321A—Attractive floral frock with smart front-fullness in skirt. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3370—Extremely chic suit with white buttons and slashed pocket effect for added smartness. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2318—Wrapover maternity slip combines utility with charm. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:—
 Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
 Box 4210, G.P.O., Perth.
 Box 402P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
 Box 182C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 Box 1048W, G.P.O., Sydney.
 Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
 Tasmania: Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only).
 Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PLEASE Note: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:—
 * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Fashion Frock Service

"ALWYN"—Dainty vest in rayon crepe-de-chine. This delightful vest is made for maximum comfort and is also slim-fitting. It has an uplift brassiere top, and is ideal for summer wear. In lovely soft pastel-pink and blue and also in white.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34 in. bust, 10/6; 36, 38, and 40 in. bust, 11/3 (4 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34 in. bust, 4/6; 36-38 in. and 40 in. bust, 7/11 (4 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.

"VALMA"—Scanties to match vest

Scanties, in the same materials and shades, feature a very snugly fitting waistband, and straight legs very slightly flared.

Ready To Wear: 36-38 in. hips, 12/11 (4 coupons); 40-42 in. and 44 in. hips, 13/6 (4 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 36 and 38 in. hips, 7/11 (4 coupons); 40-42 in. and 44 in. hips, 9/2 (4 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "ALWYN" and "VALMA": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount. Include coupons and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements. You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "ALWYN" and "VALMA," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

F2293—Clever design and contrasting colors make this style distinctive. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3357—Slenderising hipline and appealing simplicity for summer days. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2293



F3370



F3357



F2321

Needlework Notions

CUTE SUIT FOR SMALL BOY

This very tailored-looking small boy's suit is traced on a good British-made cotton material. It is all ready to cut out and sew up.

The design is simple. Single-pocketed shirt is tucked into tailored, self-lined trousers.
 Size 2 to 4 years, 9/8 (6 coupons); 4-6 years, 9/11 (6 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.
 When ordering, please enclose required number of coupons and ask for No. 539.

DAINTY FROCK AND SLIP FOR BABY

With charming little motifs stamped on ready to embroider, this frock and slip make an exquisite set for baby. They are clearly traced on white rayon crepe-de-chine.

Infants' size only, frock 10/6 (3 coupons); slip 5/11 (3 coupons). Postage 9½d. extra.
 When ordering please enclose required number of coupons and ask for No. 540.



539

CHRISTMAS TOYS

A limited number of the attractive fabric toys illustrated in our issue of November 4 are still available. They embrace Rufus the Novelty Dog, Elton the Elephant, Dismal the Duck, Cuddie the Lamb, Sammy the Sausage Dog, Ronald the Rabbit, Katie the Kooka, Woola Woola the Lamb. All stand approximately 11½ in. high. Patterns with complete directions for making cost 1/4 each. Dorothy the Doll also available. Size 12 1/2 in. long. Patterns for baby clothes, and printed face cost 2/11.



540

"That was me
a month ago"



Horlicks brings deep restful sleep

Sleepless nights just can't go on! Something is bound to happen. Make up your mind *now* that you are going to sleep tonight. Some time today, get a tin of Horlicks. Tonight, drink a cup of hot Horlicks just before you get into bed. Relax... and sleep.

Sleep, the deep restful sleep you need so much.

While you are sleeping, Horlicks will be helping to build you up.

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PICTURE STORY



WATCH DAWN



WATCH CLOCK



WATCH OUT

Get **HORLICKS** to-day



and **SLEEP** to-night



PLEASE, Fritz!

An angry flush spread in her cheeks. This was one of the things she hated in Fritz Kauber.

But before she could say anything further they heard the sounds which made them forget each other. Sounds that dropped out of the skies. The whines of motors, the staccato rattle of shots.

Kauber was startled. He listened to another fusillade. Then, losing color, he ran out of the study. Elsa followed. On the verandah she saw that the three servants, too, had come out. They were staring skyward.

Two planes were directly above the house. Elsa saw them against a background of grey twilight clouds. Saw them dive and swoop and zoom past each other, jockeying for position.

Fritz Kauber said hoarsely: "That's a Heinkel and a Britisher." They were fighting at little more than a thousand feet. Elsa watched in fascination that was like horror. Then something happened to one of the planes. Its nose dropped. It spun earthward, crazily. It fell five hundred feet before its pilot managed to regain control. Then it levelled off, but not to climb back into conflict. It continued to spiral downward in wobbly, sweeping circles.

Fritz cried out in dismay. It was the Heinkel. The British plane was zooming toward the clouds.

Lieutenant John Frazer sat in the bombardier's seat of the Heinkel, under the pilot's feet. As he looked down through goggles, he breathed heavily. He felt dizzy after the combat, but exhilaration made all other feelings in him unimportant.

He had to admire Wing-Commander Whitefell's skill with the Heinkel. Whitefell handled it as if he'd been flying German planes all his life. A plant of a man with straw-colored hair, he had been as calm through all this as if it were a pleasure flight round Croydon. Back in the "bubble" Squadron-Leader Dix had been managing the guns with equal skill.

Through the three-way communication system Whitefell asked, "Can you see the other plane, Dix?" "No sir. It's in the clouds."

"Very well. Hang on. Here we go for a landing."

John Frazer clung to his seat. The Heinkel cleared tree-tops by half a dozen feet. It was still wobbling. Its nose pointed at the Geist lavas and when it struck the plane bounced in a way that jarred John's bones. But that was all right. He couldn't help grinning. Whitefell was doing an excellent job of coming down like a stricken bird.

As the plane taxied over the lavas John saw people running from the house. There was a girl with golden hair. Beside her came a dark-faced man, and three other people—two women and an old fellow in a servant's apron—were following.

Well, things were working quite smoothly.

John thought of the instructions at the War Office: "We have a Heinkel that was shot down over Sussex," the major had said. "It's been reconditioned—except for bullet markings—and is ready for you. You'll fly in to Wiesenburg at 20,000 feet. A British plane will accompany you at 23,000 feet, out of sight. Over Wiesenburg you will descend to a thousand feet, where the British plane will engage you in combat."

"From the ground that combat must look genuine. The Heinkel will lose. It will make a forced landing on the Geist estate—unable to go on without repairs, you will explain. After that, gentlemen, you will depend on yourselves. If you find the Goebels notes, you will fly them back to England."

The plane rolled on slowly. Whitefell was taking it to the far end of the lavas. Near the tree he turned it before switching off the ignition. When it stopped it faced a long stretch of grass—ready to take off.

"All right," Whitefell's voice was crisp. "Carry on."

John freed himself from the seat and the earphones. Looking out, he saw the golden-haired girl again. She was beside the plane, on her toes. She stared up at him anxiously, and he gave her a grin of reassurance. And then, startled, he looked at her again. It struck him, in that moment, that she was beautiful. She had a beauty that made you check your breath.

But he promptly forgot the girl. Behind her the dark young man appeared. His eyes were lifted to

Mad Mission to Berlin

Continued from page 5

the window of the cockpit, and he called something John didn't catch.

What he said didn't matter. John Frazer stared at him with a sense of shock that held him rigid. A cold sensation began to crawl over his skin. Then he scrambled out of his tiny compartment. Whitefell was just ahead of him, on the catwalk leading to the door.

"Hold on!" John whispered. His hoarseness made Whitefell turn in alarm. John said, "We're in a jam! That chap out there—the dark one—he knows me. We were at Heidelberg together."

Whitefell halted, stung by John's words. Dix began, "Of all the—"

John said quickly: "You two had better get out. I'll stay. Tell them I'm making repairs—anything." He spoke without regard for Whitefell's superior rank. They had agreed that after the landing rank was to be ignored. "Maybe you can get rid of him. If not—I'll try to think of something."

While Dix and Whitefell groped their way to the door, both uneasy, he returned to the cockpit. Curse Kauber, he thought. Curse the luck.

In less than five minutes Whitefell was back. "We can't get rid of the

within fifty yards of the Heinkel. Then a hard thudding started in his chest. It was Fritz Kauber, all right.

Kauber, reaching the plane, thrust his head inside. "Allo!"

"Jah?" John answered. "I hear you have trouble with the radio-phone. Can I maybe help?"

"I don't know," John was dubious. "If I could see it—"

Kauber hoisted himself into the door, straightened in the plane—recalled a step. He started in wide-eyed amazement at the automatic that pointed at his stomach.

John said in a low, quick voice: "Listen to me carefully. Do what I say. When we step out of here, walk to the barn. I'll be at your side. I'll keep the gun out of sight, but if you try to run I'll kill you quick."

Kauber's lean face became ghastly. He lifted bewildered eyes to John's begoggled face.

"What—what is—"

"Never mind what it is. Start now."

It was a tense walk through the darkness. John's first idea had been a similar walk into surrounding woodlands. But the barn offered nearer and better facilities—provided they found it empty.

Before they reached it John Frazer heard voices behind. He looked back briefly. Several people were running toward the plane. They came from the road on the other side of the house. Neighbors, he decided. People beginning to arrive from the outskirts of Wiesenburg. Thrill-seekers who had witnessed the dive of the plane.

Inside the barn it was dark. John pressed his automatic into Fritz Kauber's back. With his left hand he shot the flashlight's beam about the place. In a far corner he saw a bin. Once, he guessed, it had been used for horses' oats. Now there were neither horses nor oats.

John ordered, "On your stomach, now! Hands behind your back."

Kauber growled savagely. "Spies!"

The automatic replied with an emphatic jab. "I said lie down. Must I crack you?"

Kauber obeyed then, but his actions were sullen and stiff. He accompanied them with a flow of muttered profanity. John Frazer did a swift but secure job of tying the man. When it was finished, he rummaged about the barn, using the flashlight until he found a couple of small grey sacks filled with nails. He emptied them, twisted them, and returned to use them as gags round Kauber's mouth.

"You may be able to get rid of these," he said. "But if you shout, one of us will come and kill you."

He lifted the thin man and dropped him into the blackness of the bin. For the last time he sent the flashlight over Kauber's helpless huddle. Then he went back to the Heinkel.

A dozen dim figures were walking round the plane in awe. A few of them lit matches for a better view. When John approached, they assailed him with questions.

He said bluntly: "We were shot down; that is all. It is verboten to enter the plane or to touch it—you understand that." He pulled the door shut.

They were a little afraid of him, these villagers—he could see that. To them he represented the authority of the armed forces.

There was a spacious, low-ceilinged drawing-room in which Whitefell and Dix, having taken off their flying togs, were trying to appear at ease.

When John Frazer entered, the girl with the golden hair was pouring Kummel. Whitefell introduced him:

"Lieutenant Werner, our bombardier—Fraulein Elsa Geist." He added pointedly to John, "Fraulein Geist is the niece of Dr. Reinhardt Geist, who owns this house. The Herr Doktor is not expected home until nine o'clock."

John clicked his heels, giving the girl a smile and a bow. "I know your uncle's name very well," he said.

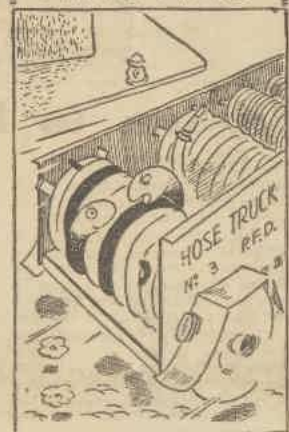
She seemed disinterested. Still pouring the liquor, she tossed him a stiff bow.

John glanced at Whitefell. "We need a new transformer on the radio-phone," he reported. "Herr Kauber said he may be able to get one for us in Wiesenburg."

"So?"

"One of the sightseers out there offered to give him a lift to town. He went. Very kind of him."

Animal Antics



"I told you we shouldn't have stopped to watch that fire."

"blighter," he said harshly. "He lives here. He and the girl have already asked us to stay the night." He hesitated. "Of course, we could draw guns, I expect. Herd the whole crew into a cellar—something like that—while we search the house."

John shook a worried head. "No good. Other people must have seen the dog-fight up there. They'll be coming round for a look at us. We've got to have the household on hand."

"But we can't have you out here all night!"

John Frazer considered the situation with a sense of nerves coiling up hard. And then, his mind darting at every possibility, he recalled something that brought hope.

"Look," he whispered. "At Heidelberg Kauber used to fool round with an amateur radio set. Quite a tinkerer. Suppose you get them all into the house. Then say I'm trying to fix a stuttering radio-phone, so we can re-establish contact with our base. Kauber may offer to come out and help. If I can get him here alone—"

They looked at each other in silence. Then Whitefell, very grave, turned away. When he was gone, John remained where he was, listening to receding voices. He fumbled inside his flying-suit and brought out a service automatic.

There were other preparations he had to make. From a compartment in the cockpit he took a flashlight. The need of a rope baffled him, but he had a knife, and the ropes of a parachute, it occurred to him, would do very nicely. He cut them, wound a left length round his arm.

After that he rose to look round. The twilight had deepened. He saw lights in the windows of the Geist house, and beyond it he saw two smaller buildings. One was a garage with servants' quarters on the upper floor. The other, farther back, was a large stone barn. As he contemplated it, his eyes narrowed.

A man came out of the Geist house, hurried toward the plane. In the dusk John couldn't immediately be sure of him—not until he was

WORTH Reporting

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN

A private who escaped from the Japanese prison ship after three years of misery counts himself the luckiest man alive. Not only because he got home, but because he returned to find that in his absence his wife had worked and saved, and only eight weeks before his arrival had bought a delightful home for him to come to.

The private is delighted with his home, though he says that even a test with his family would have been heaven after the jungle.

Now they're planning the best Christmas of their lives with their five-year-old son.

"My husband always used to like duck and green peas for Christmas," said the wife, "but every year he was away I used to say to Mum I'd choke if I tried to eat it. We've already got a duck on order for this Christmas!"

Unusual

WARTIME christening present has been sent to his first grandson, George Lassam Parby, in Australia by Mr. A. V. Parby, O.B.E., one of the five superintendents of England's famous Woolwich Arsenal.

Mr. Parby's home in Blackburn, England, on the "bombing-run" for England's early air raids and the recent rosbomb attacks, has been damaged three times.

On the third occasion a branch was blown off an old cedar tree near the house. From this branch Mr. Parby made a beautifully finished cigarette box for George Lassam. "I know one should send silver or gold on such occasions," he wrote to the baby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Parby, "but there is no gold or silver available in England now."

A CLASS of six-year-olds at a Sydney school was asked by the teacher to write down "what they liked best in the world." While most of the youngsters jumped for "gardens," "flowers," "ice-cream" and "watermelon," one blue-eyed curly-top shyly handed in:

"I like the looks on little dogs' faces."

Prophetic

J. B. PRIESTLEY has proved a true prophet. In the London "News Chronicle" some months before the outbreak of war he wrote:

"Whenever I move about in England I am still surprised to find how many people live on private incomes or on pensions. They tend to lead a bored, uncreative sort of existence. They are chiefly motivated by the fear of losing their regular money."

"Thus they are naturally opposed to any experiment, to the nation taking any risk... and tend to form a solid bulk of short-sighted, timid, deeply conservative opinion."

"I believe most of them would be ten times happier if they were compelled to work again, really to save England, for which they have a genuine love."

Septuagenarian

YUGOSLAVIAN - BORN Mrs. Danica Covich, of Paddington, N.S.W., has a 70-year-old grandmother, brother, and four cousins (three of them girls) fighting with Marshal Tito's forces in Yugoslavia. She has just heard that her grandmother was wounded while carrying messages for the guerrillas.

This news of her family is the first Mrs. Covich had received for four years. She is 24, and came to Australia eight years ago.

Diagnosis

WHEN you spurn a Louis heel for one that's flat, Pass up chic for comfort in a hat, Would rather wake up bright Than stay out late at night, Why, my girl, you're getting old—that's that.

—D.D.

Untitled

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S fourth inauguration will be the 35th ceremony of its kind. But there's one little problem dating back to the very first inauguration of George Washington in 1789 that has never yet been settled.

It is the problem of what title should be used in addressing the Chief Executive.

A special Senate committee was appointed, and offered "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of our Liberties." The Lower House wouldn't hear of any "Highnesses."

Washington was consulted, and, amazingly, suggested "His High Mightiness." This, too, was rejected, as were His Excellency and His Elective Majesty.

To this day the President may be addressed in whatever terms good breeding or partisan animosity suggests.

TWO "camp happy" soldiers are leaning on a tree. "What's the difference between the Army and a circus?" says one. "I dunno," says the other. "There's none, except the Army has more tents."

Courting "Kitty"

A DRESS reform campaign is being conducted by N.S.W. Bowling Association. New president, Mr. A. W. Jones, former manager of interstate cricket teams, says some players wear apparel more appropriate for deep-sea and rock fishing. Another authority says the war cannot be made an excuse for sartorial sickness.

"Cream flannels can still be bought for 10 coupons," he said, "and a pair will last anything from four to six years."

"Women bowlers set an example to the men. They always look neat. If you look neat you feel better, and you play better. Women understand the psychology of this. That's why they always dress in their best to get their man."

"Similarly—you might say—as the bowler's aim is to get as close to 'Kitty' as quickly as possible, he should be well dressed, too."

Revival

THE Dobell case is on again, so there'll be more interminable argument about what is a portrait. Perhaps someone will quote this time the opinion of Annals Carters, sixteenth century artist said to be responsible not only for the invention of the art of caricature but of the word itself.

In defence of his activities in this field he is reported to have said: "Is not the caricaturist's task exactly the same as the classical artist's? Both see the lasting truth beneath the surface of mere outward appearance. Both try to help Nature accomplish his plan. The one may strive to visualise the perfect form and to realise it in his work, the other to grasp the perfect deformity and thus reveal the very essence of a personality."

"A good caricature, like every work of art, is more true to life than reality itself."



"I'm really a vegetarian, but I just have to spend all my coupons to see him do it."

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Film Reviews

★★★ WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

A PART from a few clumsy attempts at American propaganda, and a few equally clumsy sequences of feudal English peasant life, this film is one of the most poignant love stories of the war.

Adapted from Alice Duer Miller's poem, "The White Cliffs," MGM have made an entertaining and deeply moving film.

The familiar story tells of an American girl who finds romance, happiness, and tragedy in England. Her English husband is killed in the first World War, and the current war claims her only son.

The casting of this film is superb—each character giving flawless portrayal, from Irene Dunne's sympathetic central character to the sly comedy of Frank Morgan and C. Aubrey Smith.

Australian Alan Marshall has his biggest role to date, and does creditably as Miss Dunne's husband, Roddy McDowall is fine, as usual, as their son, and Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper, dependable character actresses, are excellent in supporting roles.

That engaging young man, Van Johnson, makes a brief but effective appearance as the American in love with Irene.

Essentially a woman's film, there will be few men able to resist the tender warmth of this film and the countless, vividly etched scenes that will long haunt the memory.

Clarence Brown directs the film with a sensitive and restrained touch.—St. James; showing.

★★★ RATS OF TOBRUK

AUSTRALIAN producer-director Charles Chauvel selected a capable cast but a regrettably poor technical staff to re-create the stir-

ring and gallant deeds of the "Fighting Ninth" from the sun-scorched sands of Tobruk to the mud trails of New Guinea.

Unfortunately, the story, which should have been packed with action and drama, is a bitter disappointment. The war sequences are vividly realistic and splendidly photographed, but the romantic interludes and most of the interior scenes do not come up to the same high standard.

Grant Taylor was a happy selection for the role of the Australian sergeant, and Peter Finch as the young English writer gives a neatly restrained performance.

The inimitable clowning of Chips Rafferty is one of the soldiers and George Wallace's portly barber of Tobruk provide a sprinkling of comedy, strictly obvious.

Pauline Garrick makes her debut as the heroine, but in spite of her charming personality Miss Garrick photographs disappointingly.

A radio star for several years, this young actress has not yet mastered screen technique.—Mayfair; showing.

★★★ FOLLOW THE BOYS

UNIVERSAL have now succumbed to the enticement of a screen story revolving round camp entertainment tours, which provides a perfect thread on which to hang their top-ranking stars.

George Raft makes a screen comeback, and does a neat job in the leading role. His performance is somewhat overshadowed by his vividly beautiful co-star, Vera Zorina.

It is a bright show with plenty of entertainment to suit any taste. Music is provided by Dinah Shore.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Jeannette MacDonald, and Sophie Tucker.

Most interesting feature of the film is the screen debut of the world-famous pianist, Arthur Schnitzler.

You will also see Orson Welles in his magisterial tricks with exotic Marlene Dietrich.—Empire; showing.

★ MEET THE PEOPLE

MGM have squandered some excellent talent on this unimportant and tiresome little musical that doesn't mean a thing.

The story is strictly routine, with no variations. Lucille Ball is the glamorous stage star who falls in love with welder Dick Powell when making a personal appearance tour at the shipyards.

A show put on to celebrate the launching of the ship provides the excuse for a gathering of variety stars, but their turns are patchy.

The two stars do as well as possible with the poor material, and Vaughn Monroe's orchestra helps things along with some snappy music. Virginia O'Brien sings in her own inimitable style, and Bert Lahr labors with the dull comedy lines.

The Oriental dance team, Maia and Earl, is fine.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



SUSANNA FOSTER and Turhan Bey, screen sweethearts in Universal's "Beverly to Broadway," take a day off to visit Los Angeles' colorful Olvera Street, re-created from memories of a hundred years ago in pastoral California.

★ THE SHIPBUILDERS

THIS film has some interesting and authentic details on the history of British shipbuilding, and it marks the screen comeback of that fine actor, Clive Brook, yet as entertainment it fails.

It is difficult to discover the exact cause of this failure, but the main fault appears to be the lack of human interest and the rather ponderous presentation.

Fans of Mr. Brook will probably enjoy this show because he is seldom off the screen, and on the

rare occasions when he does not appear his voice carries the narration.

Morand Graham gives a capable performance as the riveter, but neither he nor Brooks brings conviction to the sentimental ending.—Civic; showing.

PARAMOUNT's bouncing Betty Hutton, recently returned from an entertainment tour in the Pacific, says the Jap snipers were active where she played. Betty is now playing a dual role of a red-head and a blonde in "Here Come the Waves."

Mad Mission to Berlin

Continued from page 27

It was intended to forestall Elsa Geist's wonder about Kauber's disappearance. But when he turned back to the girl, her cool disinterest continued. She carried a crystal tray from man to man, bringing glasses of Kummel. Her aloofness puzzled him. He rather imagined the arrival of three Nazi fliers would excite a girl. But Elsa Geist was frigidly formal.

When they had taken the Kummel, she said, "You wish to eat?"

"If it is not too inconvenient, fraulein," said Whitefell. "A cup of hot coffee, perhaps."

She nodded. Without saying anything further, she walked out.

"Doesn't seem to care for us very much, does she?" Frazer muttered.

Dix and Whitefell were perplexed, too, but they had other worries. They turned on him quickly, wanting to know what he had done to Fritz Kauber, and when John told them, Dix said in exasperation, "A bullet would have been more effective!"

"But noider," Whitefell said grimly, "Well, it eliminates the fellow for a while, at any rate. We ought to search the study now. It's beyond that door. I expect we'll have to get rid of the girl first—and the servants."

"How many people in the house?" John asked.

"Two maids, an old handy-man—and this Elsa Geist."

Dix was impatient. "Why not try to make the girl—if she knows—give us the Goebbels' notes? If we turn a gun against her—"

"Steady," John broke in warningly. "Easy with the guns. There are quite a few local folk round the plane. If any loose in with questions—or look into a window to see us using guns—"

Whitefell cut in, "I expect we can get rid of them, right enough. Carry on till I get back." He put down the empty glass and strode out of the door.

When he had gone, John Frazer doffed his flying togs. The girl entered then, followed by the two maids. They began to set a small table in the drawing-room. Elsa gave John a quick, appraising glance. Without the flying togs he looked taller, slimmer. He imagined, watching her, that her manner softened a trifle.

He said, "I remember, fraulein, when I was at school we read books by Dr. Reinhardt Geist. He wrote of the art and culture of the Romans and the Greeks—nicht wahr?"

Elsa nodded.

"Is he still writing of the glories of Italy?"

"No." She spoke quietly. "There is no time for such books now. People are too busy fighting to read. . . . I regret we have no sugar or milk. You

will have to try civilian fare to-night. If you prefer wine to coffee, I can send to the cellar for a bottle."

John declined the wine. Whitefell, all but filling the door, returned while she spoke of the wine cellar. He looked quite pleased with what he had accomplished outside. Yet there were lines of strain about his eyes.

"I ordered those people away from the plane," he said. "Can't have them crawling all over it. Also, fraulein, I took the liberty of asking a few of the men to station themselves round the grounds to keep sightseers away."

She did not reply. Impassive, she watched one of the maids carry in the coffee. She herself poured it while the other servant brought a platter of sandwiches. Thin, dry sandwiches—civilian fare, John Frazer thought.

His eyes followed the girl throughout the sparse meal. She did not eat. She devoted herself to passing sandwiches and refilling coffee cups.

At last, after some fifteen minutes, Whitefell put down his coffee cup. He had waited long enough. By this time the lawn must be clear of visitors. He rose and half drew his automatic.

"Fraulein," She had been looking into the coffee pot. Now turning, she caught her breath when she saw Whitefell's gun.

HE said to Dix, "Bring in those servants. Keep your gun pointed at them." Then he looked into the shocked eyes of Elsa Geist. "We have very little time, fraulein," he told her. "We want the editorials your uncle has been writing. We also want the notes Dr. Goebbels sent him. Quickly, please!"

The girl was stupefied. Before she could reply, Dix brought in the two maids. They were pallid.

Whitefell warned, "Not a sound, you two!" And then, "Also, fraulein!"

She found her breath. "Who—who are you? What do you want?" "That is immaterial. Do not waste time. To us, you must see, time is life. Will you show us where the notes are kept?"

"I don't know anything about such notes!" Her low voice shook.

Whitefell glanced at Dix. "Help me get them into the cellar," he said, still talking German. To John he added, "You can start in the study."

John Frazer felt a twinge of pity for the girl. She stood so rigid, so white. For a second he found her eyes looking straight into his—bewildered eyes, yet outraged, too. He turned away. This was a battle in a war. You couldn't waste vital

seconds on a girl's eyes at such a time.

In the study he drew the heavy curtains over the Gothic windows, then switched on the desk light. As he launched his search through the papers he could hear Whitefell herding the women into the wine cellar.

There were scores of typewritten sheets, but not what he sought. When he finished with the papers on the desk he tried the drawers. They were unlocked. He drew out a fresh heap of papers and began to glance through them rapidly, scanning sheet after sheet until Whitefell and Dix joined him.

Whitefell said, "Well, we've got them out of the way. The old man-servant, too—fetched him out of the garage." And then, "Look here, Frazer, I don't like the idea of Kauber being out there where we can't watch him. If he wriggles free—"

John straightened. "You're right. I can bring him here now."

"I'll feel better if he's in the cellar with the others."

So John Frazer went out into the darkness again. He walked quickly. The plane was a dim bulb, revealed only by starlight. He looked at it and thought of Elsa Geist—and felt absurdly sorry for the things they'd had to do to her. Then he frowned, angry with himself for the thought. He and Whitefell and Dix had a job to do—one of the most startling espionage jobs of the war—and he couldn't let the vision of a girl obscure their objective.

When he entered the blackness of the barn he drew the flashlight from his pocket. He stabbed its beam in the direction of the bin. He crossed the floor quickly, looked down—and stood rigid.

After a few seconds a chill crawled through John Frazer.

The bags which had served as gags were there. So were several pieces of rope, freshly cut by a knife. But Fritz Kauber was gone. Fritz Kauber must have gone for help!

For an instant John was dazed. He felt a surge of heat rush to his head. It inflamed his eyes. He turned and ran out of the barn. He kept running toward the house. The beats of his feet were echoed by thumps in his temples.

But midway between the barn and the house he had to stop.

A shaft of golden light cut through the trees, and then a car crunched round the driveway to stop at the door. He saw a short, stocky figure climb out of it. An elderly man with a grey Vandike. That, he knew, must be Dr. Geist. He had seen a portrait of Dr. Geist in the study. But Dr. Geist was not alone.

Three other men followed him out of the car and into the door. They wore the uniforms of Army officers.

To be concluded

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 138-134 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY

The Macquarie Play
"Eight Bells"
Drama—GAILLARD HOWARD CRAVEN,
BETTIE DICKSON, JOHN O'MALLEY.
Sunday, 8 p.m.

MONDAY

STAR THEATRE
"What Is Ambition?"
Starring Armand Nixon and Brenda Dunlich.
Monday, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY

"Calling The Stars"
Xmas Pantomime edition . . . all in rhyme.
Tuesday, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

"Learn a Tune"
Add to your repertoire of hits of the moment.
Mon. & Wed., 7.45 p.m.

THURSDAY

Library of the Air
"Random Harvest"
A story full of a curious nostalgia.
Thursday, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY

"The Robur Show"
Jack Dawby at the helm . . . a grizzly of talent.
Friday, 8.30 p.m.

SATURDAY

"Melodies & Memories"
Fascinating glimpses behind the footlights . . .
Reita Nguni.
Saturday, 8 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! 2GB

Key Station of the Macquarie Network

FALSE HAIR ...boom tipped

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

A TERRIFIC boom in the wearing of false hair after the war is predicted by Perc Westmore, Warner Bros. make-up chief.

He thinks women throughout the world will adopt this fashion while their short, rolled locks are growing. "There will be plenty of hair available in all shades. Much of it comes from China, but after the war middle European countries and Scandinavia will send their usual quota of blond hair," he said.

"The trend is definitely toward extreme femininity. After wearing uniforms and overalls since the beginning of the war women will welcome trailing gowns and long hair again.

"To match these they will wear false hair as they did for the first few years after the last war. Then women wore short curls attached to a band which was pinned to natural tresses.

"This time they will copy many movie stars who wear what we call 'falls.' These are long, glamorous switches attached to the crown of the head and falling down the back in long bob effects."

Perc makes up all Warner Bros. stars for their screen roles, devising new hair styles and bringing out their best facial features by hair arrangement and accenting with make-up.

His brother, Wally Westmore, runs Paramount make-up department, while Buddy (discharged from the Navy) helps run Westmore's exclusive salon, while the youngest, Frankie, does stage make-up for New York show titled "Tars and Spars."

Perc with his three brothers runs an exclusive make-up salon titled "House of Westmore."

Academy Award speculation

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD
in Hollywood

AS the end of 1944 draws near, Hollywood studios release their choicest dark horses for entry in the Academy Award sweepstakes.

The policy of many studios has been to hold the best film until the last moment in order that voters will remember it most vividly. Sad experience of the past has been that films released early in the year are forgotten before voting time.

Sensational success of Bing Crosby's film, "Going My Way," in which Bing plays a priest, will certainly put him in the running for the best performance by an actor.

Feminine contenders this year will number many previous years' winners. For instance, in David O. Selznick's production, "Since You Went Away," you will see Jennifer Jones, who won the award last year for her performance in "Song of Bernadette."

Claudette Colbert won it in 1934, and Shirley Temple got a special award for a child actress. They also have important roles in "Since You Went Away."

Greer Garson, who won it in 1942 for "Mrs. Miniver," again contends in "Mrs. Parkington," from the novel of that name by Louis Bromfield.

In 1941 Joan Fontaine won it for her performance in "Suspicion" with Cary Grant. She is listed again this year for "Frenchman's Creek," which she recently made for Paramount.

Warners Bros. star, Bette Davis, twice winner of the Academy Award, in 1935 and 1938, comes up again for her work in two films, "Old Acquaintance" and "Mr. Skeffington."

Hollywood's foreign correspondents representing newspapers and magazines throughout the world are inviting their readers to vote for the best actress, actor, and picture of the year, sending their votes to their Hollywood representative.

Last year we foreign correspondents presented our awards to Jennifer Jones for the best actress, Paul Lukas for the best actor in Warners' "Watch on the Rhine," and the best film to Fox's "Song of Bernadette."



Movie World

• MIGRATING from jungle roles in the Tarzan pictures, Frances Gifford will be seen for the first time in glamor clothes, when she plays an important part in MGM's "Marriage Is a Private

Affair," with Lana Turner starring. Frances married James Dunn, and divorced him in 1941. She played the lead in "Jungle Girl," and appeared in "Cry Havoc" and "The Reluctant Dragon."

Since You Went Away . . .



1 WITH soldier husband away, Anne Hilton (Claudette Colbert) is left to fend for her daughters, Bridget (Shirley Temple) and Jane (Jennifer Jones).



2 TO HELP family finances, the Hiltons take in a crusty, retired colonel (Monty Woolley) as lodger.



3 STAUNCH FRIEND to the family is Tony (Joseph Cotten), but he is sent abroad on active service.



4 COLONEL'S NEPHEW, Bill (Robert Walker), in disgrace with his uncle because of Army difficulties, falls in love with Jane, and a romance develops.

It could be WORMS!

If children—or adults—feel itchy, grind their teeth or lose weight, worms may be the cause. SAN-O-LAX is a pleasant remedy that will clear the system of worms—it brings quick, sure, safe relief to both children and adults.

YOUR chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.



5 WHEN her father is reported missing and Bill is killed in action, Jane grows up overnight, and joins the Red Cross.



6 ON CHRISTMAS EVE Tony returns, and in spite of atmosphere of tragedy the Hiltons and the colonel enjoy themselves.

Relieve Tired Eyes



A drop of Murine in each eye is the modern way to soothe, cleanse, refresh. Ask your chemist for . . .

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



Yardley

Let that "something to remember you by" be the translucent loveliness of an English complexion . . . the elusive fragrance of English Lavender. Achieve both with a clear conscience and Yardley beauty aids. They last longer, go further and are still to be had in limited quantities at most fine stores and chemist shops.



Put your best face forward . . .

Yardley of London

Keep on Buying War Savings Certificates

Million-dollar cast

THE seven stars who head the cast of United Artists' film "Since You Went Away" are probably worth in aggregate far more than a million dollars in salaries alone. They are Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, Monty Woolley, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Walker.

In addition, producer David Selznick has surrounded his leading players with an outstanding supporting cast, including such well-known names as Hattie McDaniel, Albert Basserman, Dooley Wilson, and Craig Stevens.

The heart-warming story tells of a typical American family during wartime. Families everywhere are up against the same problems that face the mother and her two daughters when the man of the house goes to war.

Selznick wrote the screen play himself, and the film is directed by John Cromwell.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- jar **ARRID**

THANK GOODNESS! "Hercules" Stand Up To War-time Wear



If your linen cupboard held a goodly supply of English-made HERCULES Sheets and Pillow Cases when war broke out, you must be exulting in the durability of these fine products. Now that the war-time demands of essential services make it impossible for the manufacturers to supply civilian needs, you can thank goodness for the goodness of HERCULES Sheets and Pillow Cases. And you can look forward to the day when production swings back to peace-time needs . . . when you can buy again the bed-linen that really fulfils the promise of strength its name betokens — HERCULES.

HERCULES

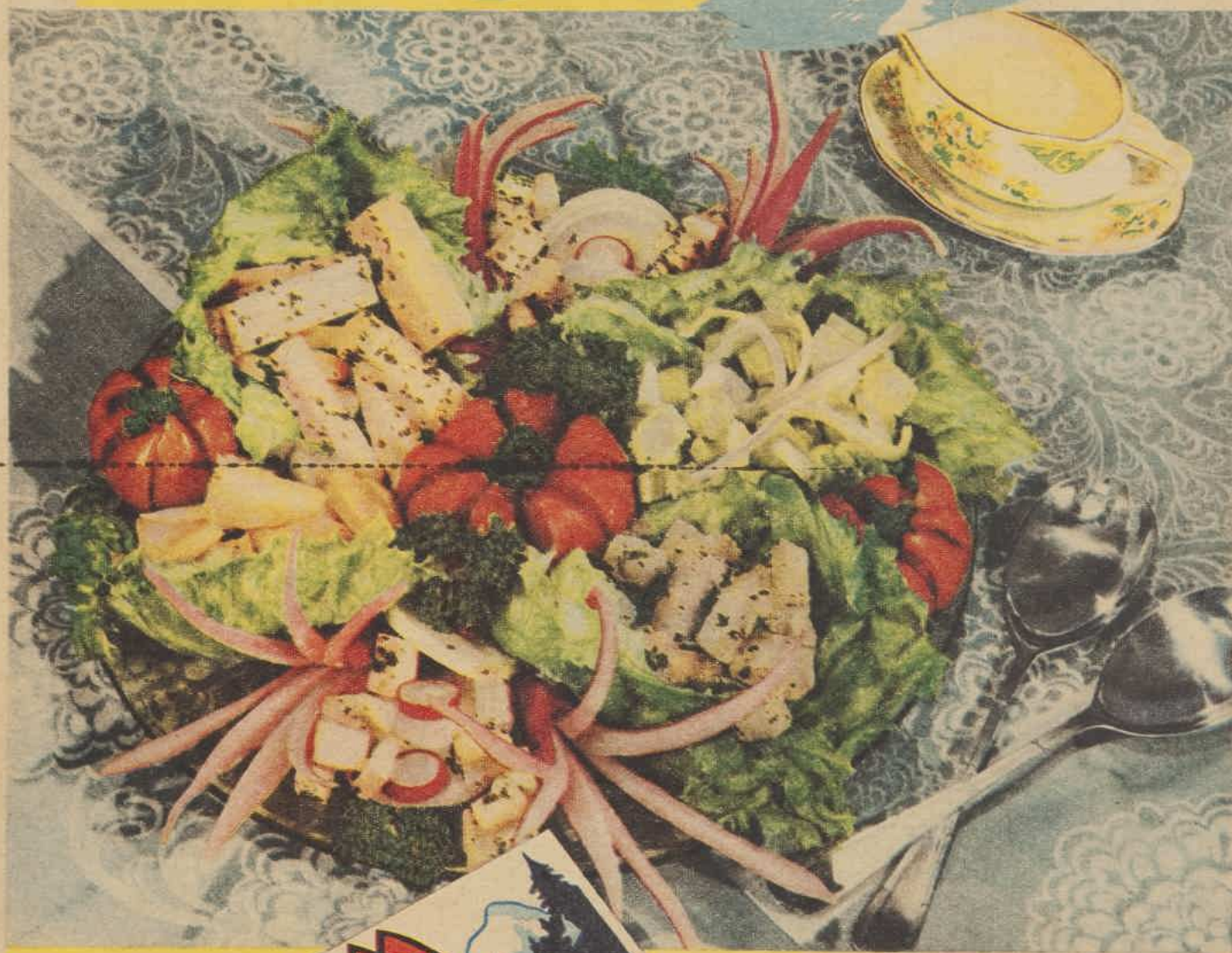
Sheets AND Pillow Cases

JOSHUA HOYLE PRODUCTIONS

"No Test Like Time"

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney



We have prepared this tempting MAXAM CHEESE salad just to let you see how appetising it is. Wouldn't you be proud to serve it for lunch or dinner? . . . It is an ideal summer-time meal . . . delicious enough to tempt the most fastidious palate. Health-giving, too! Particularly MAXAM Pasteurized Cheddar CHEESE, which is a nourishing, sustaining food, rich in calcium and phosphorus. MAXAM builds bone and nerve in children and provides a rich source of energy for adults. —remains fresh and keeps its flavour longer.

Do the right thing by all the family this summer. Serve a tempting . . . appetising . . . delicious . . . MAXAM CHEESE salad often.

★ Owing to war-time transport regulations MAXAM CHEESE is unobtainable in Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. We know it won't be long before Peace comes and MAXAM CHEESE will again be obtainable throughout Australia.

GIVE
WAR
SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES
THIS XMAS

Returned Safely

Continued from page 7

IT was so bright that Harris could see quite clearly the little pin in the anchor shackle fifteen feet away. He felt as though he were standing unprotected, high on a stage, with a score of limelights centred on him. He was picked out, magnified and silhouetted against the night.

He saw other tracers racing red over the water from the convoy toward him. He began to do the things he had been taught to do, giving his orders into the copper voice-pipes ranged before him. He took no notice of anything else until he heard and felt the whizz of bullets past his face.

Even then he was only surprised. The ship was scudding furiously on a zigzag course.

It was hard enough not to be chucked down upon the deck, and he had so much to do in so little time. He gripped and balanced and watched and calculated. He saw the two torpedoes hop out of their steel sheaths and splash into the water, and watched their long tails of glistening bubbles stream out behind them as they fled through the black water toward the biggest of the dark shapes.

The instant they were gone the M.T.B. flung herself round to starboard, hard over, her gunwales almost under.

He hung on to the side of the bridge and craned his neck round to watch astern. The glow of the tracers past his eyes was dazing, but he saw one at least of the torpedoes hit. What had been a slow black object towering out of the sea changed suddenly into a great splash of red and orange fire which leaped high into the air, shooting

and spurting in blinding flames where nothing had been before. He twisted back and clutched the captain's arm, gesticulating towards the explosion.

The captain turned half round and looked in the direction in which he was pointing. Then he looked very intently at Harris, reading a great deal of what was in Harris' mind. He laughed and thumped him hard on the chest with his fist, shouting something that Harris could not catch. Then he turned back to look ahead and cried, "Hard a-port."

It was too late. A destroyer was rushing across their bows, her deck so high above the little M.T.B. that they had to crane their heads back to look up at it. A gun crashed out on the destroyer's fore-castle. It was almost point-blank range. The flash at the muzzle of it seemed right in their eyes. Harris felt his feet leave the deck with the shock as he was flung across the bridge and his back hit something as hard as iron, and his mind went black.

When he opened his eyes again he thought a long while must have passed, but he could not be certain. He found he was lying on the bridge, covered by a coat and with something rolled up for a pillow beneath his head. He took it all in very quickly.

The captain was standing leaning over the side of the bridge, or rather what was left of it. He began to get to his feet.

The captain turned round and said, "Hallo! You all right now?" "I think so. I feel all right. Where are we?"

"Almost home. But we've got engine trouble. I asked for a tow."

Harris stood up. It was nearly daylight. The darkness had thinned away, and colors were washing up from the horizon, fawn, yellow, and pale blue. The sea had turned from black to grey. They were lying stopped and a fishing boat, her brown mizen sail set, and her slow engine pop-popping, was churning briskly toward them.

Beyond it he could see the land lying low and mist-covered along the water. He felt happiness flood into his heart as he looked at the land and remembered all that had happened.

That was a night. He would never forget it. Never, never, no matter what happened in the future, would he forget that night. He had touched a zenith of feeling that he would never reach again. And he was alive.

He realised for the first time how wonderful that was. He looked at the rim of the sun lifting itself above the water's edge and noted the colors spreading out as gloriously as a peacock's tail, and felt the tang of the clean air in his throat and in his lungs. He could have skipped and danced upon the deck.

He watched the fishing-boat chug close up to the boat. There was a man standing in the bows with a rope in his hand and another aft at the big tiller. A third sat amidships doing nothing.

Harris turned to the captain. "We'll be all right now, sir. These chaps know their stuff."

The fishing-boat was nosing alongside. The man holding the rope threw it snaking through the air and Harris grabbed it, turned it up round the bollards and shouted, "All fast. Heave in."

He straightened himself up and looked at the man who had thrown it. He was laughing joyfully and watching Harris with amusement.

Harris said, "John!"

He turned and looked up at the bridge. The captain was standing staring at the man sitting on the hatch amidships. Then he came down from the bridge. "Hullo, Dad," he said, "it's good to see you again."

Harris turned the other way to look at the third man in the boat. He was leaning on the tiller and was wearing an old tweed coat patched with leather, that Harris remembered very well. He looked at it again, and then at the face above it. The face was laughing, wrinkling round the deep, wise, young eyes.

He said, "Why, Gardiner!" "Hi ya, pal!" Gardiner leaned sideways on the tiller while he enjoyed his laughter.

Harris stood quite still. He found that he, too, was laughing. He felt, first and above everything, happier than he had ever felt before. But, at the same time, interwoven in his happiness there was a slender thread of doubt, a growing knowledge that here was something that he had never known before. He felt this in his heart, but could not account for it.

He looked at Gardiner and felt a little stupid. He said, "Look. I . . . I was told you were dead."

Gardiner's eyes smiled below his gaunt eyebrows . . . not mockingly, but very, very kindly. He said: "I am. I am, but don't worry."

Harris stood watching him and thinking. After a little while he said, "Then I too . . ."

"Yes."

Harris did not move. His mind was working hard, accepting a new truth. Then he turned to his captain. "Shall we go aboard, sir?"

The captain smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "What else?" They began to climb over the side into the boat, and the three men came with outstretched arms to welcome them.

(Copyright)

Summer time
is danger time!
KILL FLIES and
MOSQUITOES with
FLY-TOX



THE NEW YORK DRESS INSTITUTE chose this two-piece Bali glamor-girl print as a trend in summer prints. It is pink and pale blue on a black crepe ground. Though practical, the dressmaker suit, with its ruffled jabot, is dressy enough for important evenings.

**She has
"close-up
loveliness"**

Actual statement by
Lynn Bari,
20th Century Fox star,
appearing in "Tampico"

"A lovely fresh complexion is the greatest charm a girl can have."

Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft and sweet all over. Try this pure white soap. You'll be thrilled with the difference in your skin.

"I use Lux Toilet Soap," says this lovely Hollywood star, and she adds "for my daily beauty bath, too."

9 out of every 10 Film Stars
use **LUX TOILET SOAP**.

A LEVER PRODUCT

"When I'm tired, a beauty
bath with Lux Toilet Soap
refreshes me—leaves skin sweet
and smooth."



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For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—

For example . . .
Hearne's Bronchitis Cure
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**Give Mum
a break . . .**

**Get her a
"Cuddleseat"
to carry Baby**



The "Cuddleseat" is the answer to your problem of carrying Baby AND all your parcels when you go shopping. See how it leaves both hands completely free. See how comfortably it holds Baby! And wait till you try it on and feel how well it distributes Baby's weight. No more tired, aching arms. No more crushed and crumpled clothes!

The "Cuddleseat" has been fully approved by The Australian Mothercraft Society (Truby King).

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Sold at leading metropolitan stores. Or write direct to the distributors: JONES & SEPH, LTD., 235 Clarence Street, Sydney.

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From New York designers...



● Bright greens, yellows, and purples are merged in this printed silk short dinner-dress. The gathered cape sleeves and low V-neckline finished with a clump of cut-out print flowers are important fashion notes.



● Symmetrical white blocks on a navy silk background is the striking material selected for this other-wise plain afternoon frock. Notice the breast pockets and bracelet-length sleeves. With it a pert hat of white straw, with coarse navy veiling.



● The skin is used as ornamental detail in a deaded dinner-dress of purple crepe. The half-moon slit in the bodice is repeated at the back and on the tight sleeves.



● A trim, slender silhouette, a boat neck, with slashed back, and a wide, black satin sash tying in a fetching bustle bow, tell the story of this black crepe dinner frock.



A touch of home and happier times

The need of our boys for entertainment records is so real and vital that we are sending them actually the greater part of our present output. We are sure that you would not have it otherwise — especially in view of the present restricted production.

* **YOUR DEALER** will give you a leaflet fully explaining why the particular records you want are sometimes unavailable.

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The Parlophone Co. Ltd. (Inc. in England) • H.M.S.O. N.S.W. A.4/44



● Clumps of white flowers printed on navy blue for this flattering frock, which features a gracefully draped neckline and bodice. The tiny front peplum adds softness to the straight, simple silhouette. Gauntlet gloves and a tiny hat are made of the same material.

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

When Peace Comes

The Coty personnel will return from the battle to give you more and more beautiful Perfumes, Colognes and Cosmetics.



Coty

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PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling — without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month — and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind — say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.
★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

In your postwar home
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...**SUPER-TEX,**
of course!

When victory brings peace, there'll be a universal desire for cheery, colourful furnishings in the new post-war homes, to reflect the brighter outlook and banish the drab austerity of war. Pacific "Super-tex" Chenille Bedspreads provide the ideal medium for expressing this release from repression and restriction. Today, while a considerable part of our factory is engaged on war-work, the colour range and designs of "Super-tex" Bedspreads necessarily are limited — but peace will bring a new beauty, a new charm, a new variety of modern colourful designs which will be the keynote of the most exhilarating furnishing schemes. "Super-tex" Chenille Bedspreads wear well, wash well, and look well always, and they need no ironing. All genuine Pacific "Super-tex" Chenille Bedspreads — and Dressing Gowns — are identified by the "Super-tex" label. Look for it.



LISTEN-IN TO 2UW SYDNEY, 9.30 P.M. SATURDAY; AND 3UZ MELBOURNE, 6.44 P.M., MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

Charming table-centre

● Australia welcomes the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—this is the theme of this souvenir crochet table-centre.

HERE are the directions for working:

Materials: One ball Mercer "crochet cotton, No. 70; 1 steel crochet hook, size 6.

Measurements: 18in. x 10in. at widest parts.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; bl., block; sp., space; inc., increase; dec., decrease.

Commence with 220 ch.

1st Row: 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 21 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl.

2nd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 48 sp., 5 bl., 2 sp., 7 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

3rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 34 sp., 10 bl., 22 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

4th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 19 sp., 3 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 23 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

5th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 33 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 2 bl., 17 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

6th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 17 sp., 3 bl., 19 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

7th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

8th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 17 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 16 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

9th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 17 sp., 2 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

10th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp.,

3 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp. (1 bl., 2 sp.) 3 times, 3 bl., 24 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

11th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

12th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., (1 bl., 1 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

13th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 5 bl., 13 sp., 2 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

14th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 13 sp., (1 bl., 5 sp.) twice, (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

15th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 25 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

16th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 5 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

17th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 4 bl., 25 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

18th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

19th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 17 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

20th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 3 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice,



THIS ROYAL SOUVENIR in crochet was designed by a Victorian reader of The Australian Women's Weekly.

1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

21st Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 4 bl., 9 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 4 sp., 5 bl., 26 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

22nd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 5 bl., 14 sp., 2 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

23rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 3 bl., 24 sp., 7 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

24th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 7 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 6 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

25th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 3 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

26th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 26 sp., 7 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

27th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 22 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

28th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 2 bl., 12 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 6 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 4 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl.

29th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 6 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., (5 sp., 1 bl.) twice, (2 sp., 1 bl.) twice, 12 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

30th Row: 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 5 sp., 4 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 2 sp.

31st Row: 4 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., (5 sp., 5 bl.) twice, 19 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl.

32nd Row: 4 bl., 12 sp., 3 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 4 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl.

33rd Row: Inc. 1 bl., 3 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 6 bl., 6 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 10 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp.

34th Row: 1 sp., 3 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 3 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 5 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl.

35th Row: 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 13 sp., 3 bl., inc. 1 bl.

36th Row: 4 bl., 11 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 6 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., inc. 1 bl.

37th Row: 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 3 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 31 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 4 bl.

38th Row: 4 bl., 11 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 5 bl., 24 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl.

39th Row: 2 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 4 bl., 13 sp., 4 bl.

40th Row: Inc. 4 bl., 11 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 5 bl., 24 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl.

41st Row: 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 25 sp., 5 bl., 14 sp., 3 bl., 3 sp., 4 bl.

42nd Row: 4 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 42 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl.

43rd Row: 3 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 6 bl., 7 sp., 3 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 4 bl.

44th Row: 4 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp.

45th Row: 4 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp.

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1 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., dec. 1 bl.

46th Row: 3 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 5 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 4 bl., dec. 1 bl.

47th Row: Dec. 1 bl., 3 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 7 bl., 15 sp., 6 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 13 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 4 bl.

48th Row: Dec. 1 bl., 3 bl., 1 sp., 4 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 5 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 3 bl., inc. 1 bl.

49th Row: 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 2 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 4 bl.

50th Row: 2 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl.

12 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 5 bl., 7 sp., 5 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 7 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl.

51st Row: 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 5 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 6 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

52nd Row: 1 bl., 2 sp., 4 bl., 13 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 4 bl., 5 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 13 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

53rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 5 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 5 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl.

Continued on page 40

TRUFOOD

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NO PRESERVATIVES ADDED. Trufood is pure fresh milk, whole milk, in powdered form. It has all the vitamins and food value of new country milk. Easy to mix—and no waste whatever! You use just as much or as little as you need and keep the rest till later. But please don't buy more than you require, then there'll be enough for everyone.

Help Australia combat the spread of Tuberculosis—the enemy within our gates! Support the Anti-T.B. Association in its £50,000 Appeal. In N.S.W. the Association has helped nearly 130,000 sufferers in 16 years. Give generously now! Send contributions to the Honorary Treasurer, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.

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Christmas Meats



THIS is the Open-House season. This is the time when family and friends gather together.

And because all the family is not here, and many friends are a long way away, doors are opened a little wider and tables stretched a little more generously for the wayfarer, for the lonely ones, and for the Scrooges.

Pray silence, for Tiny Tim's toast, "God bless us, every one."

Ways with poultry

To Choose Dressed Birds: The skin should be white and unwrinkled, the breast plump and firm... the legs should be smooth and pliable, the scales not thick, and the spurs on the male bird undeveloped... the breast-bone should be pliable... no unpleasant smell.

For weight allow about 4lb. for each person.

Like meat, poultry is more tender if allowed to hang for at least six hours before cooking... or cook immediately after killing.

If any suspicion of over-hanging, rinse in salted water to which vinegar has been added—about 1 cup to 1 gallon water.

Method of Cooking depends on size and age of bird. Young tender birds may be grilled, fried, or roasted. Older birds may be first steamed and then roasted. Less tender poultry may be steamed and then dressed in sauces, may be braised or fricasseed.

The carcass, bones, skin and trimmings can be made into stock, which will give a delicate flavor to a small quantity of soup.

Giblets can be used for stock, small entrees, or appetizing savories, especially chickens' livers, which also make excellent pate.

The remains of cooked poultry with various additions are used for salads or light entrees.

GRILLED CHICKEN

Grilling chickens weigh about 1½ lb. to 2½ lb. Split in two down the back. Rinse in cold water and dry carefully. Brush with melted butter, bacon fat or cooking oil, or the drippings from grilled meats. Season with pepper and salt. Place skin-side down under a hot grill. Reduce heat after 3 minutes, and turn several times, grilling from 20 to 30 minutes and brushing several times with hot oil or fat.

Serve with parsley butter or sauce tartare, browned potato wafers, tomato halves, grilled pineapple or mushrooms, and green salad.

● How to cook a chicken, how to roast a turkey... how to bake a ham that is juicy and tender... what meats are best for holiday season salads... which meats can look lavish, taste festive, and not break the budget... here are the answers.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

FRIED CHICKEN

Choose a young chicken about 2½ lb. and cut in pieces and wash. Drop into boiling water seasoned with salt, sliced white onion, a curl of lemon rind, and a few herbs such as parsley and mint sprigs, sage leaf. Cover and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Drain, adding giblets to stock and reserving for further use.

Coat pieces with flour and then egg and breadcrumbs. Sauté in hot fat until well browned, add about 1 cup hot water or stock, cover and cook a further 10 minutes.

Serve with minted new potatoes, corn fritters, tomato halves, and white sauce flavored with mushrooms, bacon, crisps, or chopped capicum, or with milk gravy, using pan drippings.

ROAST CHICKEN

Choose a tender bird about 3½ lb. to 4 lb. This will take about 2 to 3 cups stuffing. Rinse bird well in strong stream of cold water, dry carefully, stuff, and truss into position.

Place breast-side up on rack in baking-pan with dripping or with butter or margarine and a little hot water. Place in hot oven, covering with thickly greased piece of heavy brown paper. Reduce heat to fairly slow oven (325deg. F.) and baste about every 20 minutes. Allow 20 to 30 minutes to each lb. for total roasting.

Serve with thin brown gravy, bread sauce, bacon rolls (if available), little sausage cakes, browned potatoes, green peas, and crisp, green side-salad.

STEAMED CHICKEN

For a chicken 5 lb. to 7 lb. that requires tenderizing. Stuff and truss the chicken as for roasting.

Place the chicken breast-side up either on wire rack or on bottom of pan, with enough boiling water to keep steady volume of steam for 2 to 3 hours. Add a small sliced white onion, a curl of lemon peel, a few sprigs of parsley and mint, a piece

of bay leaf and a sage leaf. Cover and cook gently about 3 hours or until tender. Remove carefully from pan. Baste with hot fat and brown in hot oven (400deg. F.). Serve as for roast chicken.

CHICKEN ENTREES

The steamed chicken may be jointed or the flesh stripped from the bone and served in a wide variety of ways... as creamed chicken or as a la King in a creamed mushroom sauce flavored with sherry, in tomato puree, in a capicum sauce, or in a curry sauce, in a chicken loaf stretched with breadcrumbs, green peas, and hard-boiled eggs, or in an aspic made from the cleared chicken broth.

FOR CHICKEN BROTH

Use the stock in which the bird has been boiled or steamed. The neck cut off near the body, the tips of the wings, and the giblets can be cooked in the stock to make a rich broth.

CASSEROLE OF CHICKEN

Choose a stewing chicken about 3½ lb. and cut into pieces. Cover with boiling water, adding about 1½ teaspoons salt, sliced onion and herbs. Simmer gently until tender, and strip meat from bones. Return to casserole and add chopped celery, skinned tomatoes or mushrooms. Add strained stock and milk or wine to taste. Thicken with flour (1 tablespoon to 1 pint liquid), and season to taste. Beaten egg-yolks or noodles may be used for thickening instead of flour.

ROAST TURKEY

Choose a young turkey weighing 10 lb. to 16 lb. If less than 10 lb., the bird will be very lean. The male bird is better for roasting.

Dress, wash, and dry and stuff, using 8 to 1½ cups of bread seasoning or bread and sausage-meat stuffing. Place in a very hot oven (about 450deg. F.), baste with hot fat, and cook, breast-side up, in a hot oven

for about 30 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (325deg.—350deg. F.) and cook slowly, allowing 15 to 25 minutes per lb.

The smaller the bird the longer per lb. is required. A 16 lb. bird takes about 3 hours. Baste at least every 30 minutes with hot fat from pan, or with hot fat and boiling water. Slices of bread or heavy, greased brown paper may be arranged over the parts that brown more quickly to ensure even browning.

Serve with brown giblet gravy, bread sauce, grilled sausages, browned potatoes, beans, and green side-salad.

An old Tom turkey is best steamed or boiled for 2 to 3 hours until tender, and then roast, uncovered, in a moderate oven, being basted well until well browned.

Instead of browning in oven, the bird may be carved and used for salads, casserole, creamed or baked dishes.

ROAST DUCK

Choose a young duck not too fat, and stuff with sage and onion seasoning or tart, quartered apples, and bake as for chicken, basting frequently and allowing about 20 minutes per lb.

Serve with browned potatoes, green peas, and grilled orange slices; serve crisp side-salad.

BREAD STUFFING FOR POULTRY

Three cups of soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon or less of finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon fine dry herbs, 1/3rd cup melted fat (butter, margarine, bacon fat, or meat dripping).

Combine ingredients, moistening further if necessary with a little milk. This quantity is enough for a 4 lb. bird.

This may be varied by substituting sage for mixed herbs and adding more onion; by adding 1 cup chopped celery instead of 1 cup crumbs; by adding corn or shredded pineapple or chopped pickles or grated vegetables or nuts in place of part of crumbs; or flavoring with chopped capicum or mushrooms; or adding sausage-meat, especially for turkey.

BREAD SAUCE FOR POULTRY

To 1 cup milk add 2 to 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion or chives, 1 dessertspoon melted butter (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pepper and salt. Heat thoroughly. A little mustard may be added, and a tablespoon of sherry.

IF THE DAY IS HOT

NOTE picture at left... Here is roast chicken, cold and ready for carving, set in a bed of shredded, crisp, cold lettuce and chopped capicum, seasoned with salad oil, lemon juice, and pepper. The side-salad is a gay one of melon balls, canteloupe, watermelon, and honey-dew.

How to cook ham

BOILED HAM

Soak heavily salted ham for at least 12 hours. Scrub rind and rinse well. Place in large pan in enough boiling water to cover, add 1 or 2 clove-stuck onions, 2 or 3 curls of lemon rind, and a small bunch of herbs. Simmer very slowly, keeping below boiling point. Allow 20 to 30 minutes per pound. The smaller the ham the longer per pound. A 14 lb. ham takes about 6 hours.

If to be served cold, cool the ham in the cooking stock. Remove from stock, peel off rind, coat with brown breadcrumbs, and stud pattern with cloves.

BAKED HAM

Soak strongly cured ham for 12 hours, scrub rind, and rinse well. Make about 2 lb. of scone dough, roll to 1 to 1½-inch thickness, and wrap round the ham.

Place in thickly greased baking-pan. Bake, uncovered, in a slow oven (325deg. F.), allowing 20 to 45 minutes per pound.

The smaller the ham the longer per pound allowed. For a 12 to 15 lb. ham allow about 25 minutes per pound.

About 30 minutes before ham is done remove from oven, strip off paste and rind.

Cover with spiced brown sugar, and stick with cloves, and return to oven for further 1 hour.

The ham is delicious and moist if basted 2 or 3 times during this last 1 hour with cider, apple juice, or orange and lemon juice.

MOCK HAM

Choose a plump leg of lamb or hogget and have the butcher pump well with a brine solution.

Place the joint in a pan, and cover with nearly boiling water. Add ½ lb. boiling bacon, if available, one or two clove-stuck onions, a small bunch of herbs. Cover and simmer gently, allowing 25-30 minutes per pound. Cool in the water in which the meat has been cooked.

Remove from pan and brush with hot pineapple juice, or orange and lemon juice, sprinkle with brown breadcrumbs, spice, and brown sugar, and stud with a pattern of cloves. Place in hot oven for a few minutes. Serve cold with salad.

This salted leg of mutton may also be baked in the same way as a ham. The color is very like that of a ham, and the flavor delicious.

Other meats

MOCK GOOSE

Choose a plump leg of lamb or veal, and have the butcher remove the bone from the leg. Fill with a sage and onion stuffing, and sew or tie securely. Do not remove the skin from the meat. Place in a hot oven (450deg. F.) after basting with hot fat. Reduce heat after 10 minutes to moderate (350deg. F.), and allow 30 minutes per pound, calculating weight after stuffing. Serve with little baked red apples, small sausage cakes, green peas, new potatoes, and a crisp side-salad.

VEAL ROAST

Use a loin, rib or leg of veal for roasting. Wipe with damp cloth and rub with seasoned flour. Place skin-side up in baking-pan with hot dripping. Baste with hot fat and place in hot oven (450deg. F.). Reduce heat after 15 minutes to slow (325deg. F.), baste again, and then cook slowly, allowing 35 to 40 minutes per pound, according to thickness of joint. Serve with a brown gravy, using half milk for the liquid, and seasoning with a pinch of herbs.

This roast is excellent as a cold collation... carve fairly thickly, and serve with a well-seasoned Russian or potato salad, with sliced fruits and crisp greens.

Continued on page 38



As Fresh as a Daisy!

A sweet and fresh appearance demands an all-out effort on your part. Success in business and social life is the sum total of your efforts. Don't take chances with your happiness; protect yourself the FEM-IN-EX way from under-arm perspiration odor—clothes, too, will last twice as long.

FEM-IN-EX DEODORANT CREAM checks under-arm odor, is delightful to use—takes only one second to apply, and keeps you protected for the whole day.

Remember, the effectiveness of FEM-IN-EX DEODORANT CREAM is guaranteed.

Sold at all Chemists and Stores in 3 sizes—price, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6.

Jane Junior Laboratories,
283 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.



FRUITY PUDDING for Christmas... add prunes, raisins, and nuts to your ginger-pudding mixture; honey and orange rind to the sauce.

Christmas recipes from our readers

● These are Yuletide presents from other readers to you: recipes for a Christmas cake, plum pudding, festive cold sweet, special cold savory. You'll like them!

AN old family recipe has been passed on to us by Mrs. Willgoose; this cake will keep for months in an airtight tin.

It is a favorite with her soldier sons.

Mrs. Paul's Christmas pudding can also be made well before Christmas and steamed for a further hour on Christmas Day.

Each week this page welcomes recipe contributions from you, with cash prizes for those printed.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a quarter cups butter, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup cherries, 1 cup figs, 2 cups mixed fruits, 11 cups brown sugar, 1 cup shredded peel, 4 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 6 eggs, pinch of salt. (If available, include 1 cup chopped preserved pineapple and 1 cup of almonds.)

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat sugar, butter, and egg-yolks until creamy. Add fruit mixed with half the sifted dry ingredients. Add pineapple juice, then rest of dry ingredients, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Cook 4 hours in a slow oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Willgoose, 12 Thompson St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

CHRISTMAS MEATS

Continued from page 37

CROWN ROAST

The crown of lamb, baked and garnished, can look very festive for a special occasion. The meat of this roast is usually very tender, succulent, and full of flavor. The crown is prepared by the butcher from two racks of ribs, the rib bones being trimmed and stripped of meat to about 1½ inches down. The trimmings from the meat can be minced and combined with the seasoning for the centre. Fill the centre of the crown with bread seasoning, to which minced-meat, sausage-meat or flavor vegetables may be added. Stand the roast in a baking-dish with hot fat. Place in a hot oven (450deg. F.). Reduce heat after 16 minutes to moderate (325deg. F. to 350deg. F.), and cook gently, allowing about 25 minutes to each pound. An average-sized crown roast, containing 12 to 16 ribs, will take about 2 hours to cook.

To serve: Top ends of ribs with cutlet frills, and garnish centre with cress or parsley, or fill with diced carrots and peas.

SEASONED VEAL ROLL

This meat is excellent cold for salads, and rivals poultry in tenderness and delicacy of flavor.

To 2lb. of fillet of veal allow about 1 cup of bread seasoning. Have the meat sliced thinly, spread with the seasoning, roll up and tie securely in several places. Heat 1 tablespoon fat in a pan, add a chopped bacon rasher, if available, and then add 1 thinly sliced onion, a diced carrot and 2 or 3 sticks of celery.

Cook for about 10 minutes, covered with a lid, until the fat is absorbed. Add 1½ cups stock or water, and a small bunch of herbs. Place the veal roll into this mixture, cover and cook slowly for 1 hour.

Remove the meat, place in a hot, greased pan and cook in a fairly hot oven (400deg. F.) for about 20 minutes.

Brush when cold with reduced stock in which a little gelatine has been dissolved.

To serve, slice when cold, arrange on platter, and surround with salad greens.



FLUFFY FLUMMERY or home-made ice-cream folded with diced fruits and biscuit crumbs, topped with delicately flavored meringue and bright red cherries... icy sweet for Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One quarter of a pound of sugar, 1lb. beef suet, 1½lb. mixed fruit, 1 grated carrot, 1½lb. brown bread-crumbs, 1½lb. mixed chopped nuts (if available), 1½lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 egg, pinch of salt, 3 tablespoons milk.

Mince suet finely and rub into sifted flour, salt, and spice. Add sugar, breadcrumbs, grated carrot, fruit, and nuts.

Add beaten egg and milk. Place in a greased basin covered with greased paper. Tie a pudding-cloth securely over the top and boil 6-7 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

BANANA CREAM

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 11 cups milk, 1 cup hot water, 6 bananas, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 3 tablespoons honey, pinch salt.

Mash bananas to a pulp. Add milk, orange juice, honey, and salt. Mix well. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water. Pour into a wet mould. Chill thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Grace Jeyell, 6 Liguria St., Coogee, N.S.W.

OX-TAIL MOULD

One ox tail, 1oz. fat, 1 onion, 3 cloves, 2 tablespoons vinegar, small bunch herbs, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ pints water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine.

Remove fat from ox tail and cut into joints. Dredge lightly with flour and brown in the hot fat. Add water, vinegar, diced onion, herbs.



Making ends "Meat"



HOW AGEE PYREX HELPS YOU TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MEAT RATION

Ownership of Agee Pyrex ovenware takes many a "head-ache" out of meat rationing. Agee Pyrex cookery retains the full nutrient value, the utmost flavour, from even the humblest scrap of meat. And there isn't the slightest suggestion of "make-shift" about pies, casseroles or other dishes cooked and served this modern way. They look attractive; they encourage the appetite—and do NOT upset your ration book.

CASSEROLE YOUR LEFT-OVERS



Cut up that left-over meat and place it in your Agee Pyrex Casserole with seasoning, gravy and vegetable stock. Reheat it SLOWLY in the oven and you'll have a dish which is rich in body-building protein...

DELIGHTFUL DISHES FROM CHEAPER CUTS



Remember that the so-called "cheaper" cuts of meat have just as much actual nutrient value as the more expensive kinds. Pyrex cookery extracts every ounce of that nutrient and gives high food value at low cost.

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keep it—for regular use of Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always. No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-Blond. Its precious Vitef nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

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Keep asking your grocer for TOM PIPER, as limited stocks are available for civilian use.

TOM PIPER

THE NAME OF GOODNESS IN
FRESH CANNED FOODS

PATON

They should call
HANSEN'S
"Never fail!"



When you are careful to use only Hansen's Junket Tablets, there is no failure—no disappointment—no waste. Junket is better than any other, one Hansen Tablet makes TWO full meals of quick-setting, firm, delicious junket.

And Hansen's strength in junket means more in food, more in flavor and economy. Your family will love it. Be sure to order HANSEN'S.

HANSEN'S
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Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

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Relieves Asthma... Now 5/- and 12/-

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Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, redness, swelling, burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Poot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

A Friend in need FOR FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more—it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.



DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

Old-world gardens

● There's a lingering charm about an old-world garden that makes one wish to see more of them.

YES, there's something very heart-warming and sweet about a garden with winding paths and borders of rosemary and lavender, fragrant herbs and flowers like mignonette, wallflowers, verbenas, and carnations.

The lovely walled garden depicted on this page was established some years ago at Castle Hill, N.S.W., and, although not looking its best when photographed—owing to man-power shortage—is still one of the most beautiful of its kind in Australia.

When space is ample and labor reasonably obtainable, the working of such a garden is simple, but under war conditions the care of pergolas, gravelled walks and paths, climbing and rambling roses, and perennial beds is no sinecure.

Noticeable among the fragrant flowers growing in this charming walled garden were bellflower, Siberian wallflowers, carnations, roses of all sorts, phlox, mignonette, lavender, stocks, gardenias, verbenas, lilacs, thyme as an edging, and many



GLIMPSE of an old-world type of garden that abounds with sweet-smelling borders of herbs and flowers, backed by shrubs and roses.

fragrant shrubs of lemon thyme, osmanthus, honeysuckle, pearl bush, magnolias, philadelphus, and daphnes.

Some of the climbing roses have been planted in beds without support and pruned into such a shape that they grow horizontally along narrow beds, two or more roses meeting and intertwining. In this way the owner, who regards climbing roses as the best of all, looks at

the blooms from above, instead of gazing at the underside of them from beneath.

He uses junipers, taxads, cypresses, dwarf pomegranates, and other dwarfed plants in pots as a means of breaking up the view in the paths. While this has the effect of breaking up distance it also enhances it because one has to walk past the big tubs in order to see what is beyond them.—OUR HOME GARDENER

Charming table-centre

Continued from page 35

54th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 2 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 4 bl., 17 sp., 3 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

55th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 26 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

56th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 22 sp., 6 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

57th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 2 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

58th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 8 bl., 3 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 4 sp., 3 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

59th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 2 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., (1 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 2 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

60th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 20 sp., 5 bl., 5 sp., 6 bl., 4 sp., 2 bl., 13 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

61st Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 2 bl., 4 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

62nd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., (2 bl., 4 sp.) twice, 2 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 11 sp., 2 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

63rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

64th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 2 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

65th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 8 sp., 7 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

66th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 5 sp., 5 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

67th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 6 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 6 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

68th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 11 sp., 1 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

69th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 24 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 8 sp., 2 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

70th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., (2 bl., 2 sp.) twice, 2 bl., 4 sp., 6 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

71st Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 12 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 4 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

72nd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 4 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

73rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 2 bl., 7 sp., 3 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., 9 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

74th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 10 sp., 2 bl., 3 sp., 2 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 5 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 27 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

75th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 14 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 7 bl., 12 sp., 2 bl., 17 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

76th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 19 sp., 2 bl., 18 sp., 1 bl., 14 sp., (1 bl., 1 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

77th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

78th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 22 sp., 2 bl., 13 sp., 1 bl., 29 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

79th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 5 bl., 16 sp., 1 bl., 8 sp., 1 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 24 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

80th Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 25 sp., (1 bl., 1 sp.) twice, 1 bl., 5 sp., 2 bl., 30 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

81st Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 32 sp., 5 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., 26 sp., 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

82nd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 34 sp., 2 bl., 1 sp., 1 sp., 1 bl.

83rd Row: 1 bl., 1 sp., 7 bl., 55 sp., 7 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl.

84th Row: 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl., 21 sp., 2 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl., 21 sp., 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl.

85th Row: ** 7 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 17 sp., 4 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., * 7 sp. Repeat from * to **.

86th Row: ** Dec. 5 bl.; 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 16 sp., 6 bl., 2 sp., 1 bl., * 5 sp. Repeat from * to **.

87th Row: ** 1 bl., 1 sp., 1 bl., 15 sp., 4 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 3 sp., 1 bl., * 3 sp. Repeat from * to **.

88th Row: ** 1 bl., 2 sp., 2 bl., 11 sp., 5 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., 4 sp., * 3 bl. Repeat from * to **.

89th Row: ** 2 bl., 1 sp., 5 bl., 6 sp., 5 bl., 2 sp., 4 bl., 5 sp., * 1 bl. Repeat from * to **.

90th Row: ** Dec. 5 bl.; 13 bl., 1 sp., 5 bl., 6 sp., * 1 bl. Repeat from * to **.

91st Row: ** 11 bl., 2 sp., 4 bl., 2 sp., 4 bl., 2 sp., * 1 bl. Repeat from * to **.

92nd Row: ** Dec. 2 bl.; 6 bl., 3 sp., 6 bl., 1 sp., 6 bl., 1 sp., * 1 bl. Repeat from * to **.

93rd Row: ** 13 bl., 3 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., 1 sp., * 1 bl. Repeat from * to **.

94th Row: ** Dec. 5 bl.; 5 bl., 4 sp., 4 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 3 sp. Repeat from * to **.

95th Row: ** Dec. 5 bl. and 1 sp.; 3 sp., 3 bl., 1 sp., 4 bl., * 3 sp. Repeat from * to **.

96th Row: ** Dec. 1 sp.; 1 sp., 4 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 5 sp. Repeat from * to **.

97th Row: ** Dec. 1 sp.; 3 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 7 sp. Repeat from * to **.

98th Row: ** 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 9 sp. Repeat from * to **.

99th Row: ** Inc. 1 bl.; 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 9 sp. Repeat from * to **.

100th Row: ** 2 bl., 1 sp., 3 bl., * 11 sp. Repeat from * to **.

101st Row: Same as 100th row.

102nd Row: ** 2 bl., 1 sp., 2 bl., * 13 sp. Repeat from * to **.

103rd Row: 5 bl., 13 sp., 5 bl., 4 bl.

104th Row: Dec. 1 bl.; 4 bl., 13 sp., 4 bl.

105th Row: 4 bl., 13 sp., 4 bl.

106th, 107th, and 108th Rows: Same as 105th row.

109th Row: Dec. 2 bl.; 3 bl., 11 sp., 3 bl.

110th Row: 3 bl., 11 sp., 3 bl.

111th Row: Same as 110th row.

112th Row: Dec. 2 bl.; 2 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl.

113th Row: 2 bl., 9 sp., 2 bl.

114th Row: Dec. 2 bl.; 1 bl., 7 sp., 1 bl.

End off.

Join cotton to beginning of 1st row and work 85th to 114th rows, inclusive. Finish off.



and Look years younger

FRENCH

(FORMULA)

Hair Restorer

is a pure white lotion.

An approved inexpensive method for treating your hair at home.

FOR GREY HAIR TRY

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

5/6

Postage extra.

Sold by:

BEAUTY SHOPPE
Leading Permanent Wave Specialist
James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.
ANTHONY HORDEN & SONS LTD.
Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill
Sydney, N.S.W.

AHERN'S LTD.
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CENTRAL PHARMACY
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Opp. G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria.

T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.
Brunswick Street, The Valley
Brisbane, Queensland.

SCOTT'S PTY. LTD.
Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Accent on White



White shoes make a striking note of contrast with the tanned legs of summer.

Be sure your shoes are really white. Use Shu-milk for a perfect, snow finish.

IN BOTTLES & TUBS 6d. and 1/-

Shu-Milk

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer acute period pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and others.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

ODORONO
ASSURES
YOUR GAME



Freely by the regular use of Odorono, from the fear that exercise will cause the dread perspiration odour, all your energy can be loosed in the contest. Be confident that Odorono safely checks perspiration 1-3 days, and keeps your crisp sport clothes fresh. Odorono is used and recommended by doctors everywhere, in its Liquid or Cream form. It is depended upon by all well-groomed women in all walks of life.

Deodorant
ODO-RO-NO
PERSPIRATION
CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono Safe and Sure
Cream Odorono Quick and easy to use

CAPTURE
UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tlingling rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

Play the
Banjo Mandolin

or
Steel Guitar
Piano Accordion
Spanish Guitar
Banjo Ukelele
Button Accordion
Clarinet
Mouth Organ
Saxophone
Piano
Violin

LEARN AT HOME
for
2/6
Weekly.

Signed Money Back Guarantee through a
SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE.

No need to be clever—no scales or exercises—beginners same success as players. Pay for your lessons weekly. If you're disappointed it costs you nothing. A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from.

Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. **ALL FREIGHT IS PAID.** Write for your **FREE CATALOGUE** and details of lessons. Mention the instrument you favour.

Sampson's, Dept. B, 481 Kent Street, Box 4181X, G.P.O., Sydney.

WANTED! 100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins.

Get up to £10 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

FULL SUPPLIES
OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!

Baby takes a holiday

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**
Our Mothercraft Nurse

A HOLIDAY in the hottest months of summer spells trouble for little ones unless mothers know how to cope with food problems that usually arise.

The water supply may not be the same, and may not be the best, and if the holiday is a camping one it is particularly important to investigate this.

The milk supply will also be different, and may not come up to the high standard accustomed to at home.

For babies and little children, both the water and the milk in a changed locality must be well boiled for the first few days, and in the case of the milk continued boiling is always advisable.

With no family doctor to call on when little accidents and emergencies occur, it is well for a mother to be prepared to meet these problems.

A leaflet describing some of these holiday risks has been prepared, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



GLOWING WITH HEALTH and beauty, adorable Kay Morgan with her mother, Mrs. R. A. Morgan, of The Corso, Maroubra, N.S.W. Her father is in the R.A.A.F. Kay was barely four months old when this picture was taken. Note her chubby arms, her bright eyes, halo of soft, curling hair—a perfect specimen of healthy babyhood.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says . . .

RINSE new stockings through warm water before wearing, and wash gently; dry carefully after each wearing. If you do, they'll keep new-looking longer.

HAVE woollies washed or dry cleaned before putting away for cooler days. Remember, soil attracts moths. Never hang in wardrobe, store flat in drawer.

SMALL holes in woollies can be darned and then hidden by simple embroidery motifs, with a few extra decorations at suitable intervals to avoid a patchy effect.

AM told that ants just walk out of cupboards or kitchen and leave you in peace if you mix sugar and borax together and sprinkle round about.

HERE'S a hint I've tried with success: When you pour boiling water over old fowl for plucking ease, cover vessel a minute or two with bag or several newspapers to keep in steam.

HAVE you ever tried a paste of kerosene and bicarbonate of soda to clean the bath? Bettie Dickson, of "Big Sister" radio fame, uses it, and says it's just fine.



CHARMING IDEA for Christmas is this novel window-box arrangement. A branch from a pine tree forms the central motif, flanked by oak and berry sprigs. Juniper, cypress, torulonis, Cedrus deodara, the Australian callitris, or any of the book pines could be used with Christmassy effect. Flowers give a charming finish.

Beauty POST-WAR



Remember the miracle beauty cream—Skin Deep—that made your skin so sweet and seven-toned? Remember how you could pile it on at bedtime without leaving your face all-greased-up? Well, that same Skin Deep will be back again, after the war. Its absence from the stores is temporary only. As soon as the same ingredients are available you'll be able to go right back to Skin Deep, the only cream of its kind.

Skin Deep

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

ATKINSONS, LONDON & SYDNEY

A.16.32

SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

BACK AGAIN IN FULL SUPPLY

SOLD BY
CHEMISTS
AND STORES
EVERYWHERE

SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS

Tomorrow is a Wonderful Day



"SPARKLING 22"
A Special Message . . .
Introducing to the thousands of **ESCAPADE LIPSTICK** users a new Spring and Summer shade . . . **"SPARKLING 22"**.
This glorious new colour being a natural red . . . gives sparkling life to the lips.

Escapade lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS

Gwen wished she hadn't come

The painful way to learn about B.O.

BOX OFFICE

STALLS

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"B.O." cut
her out

TO THINK I HAD
"B.O." AND HAD TO
FIND OUT THAT
WAY FROM NOV
ON I'M USING
LIFEBUOY.

Ah, the freshness of a Lifebuoy bath! The deep exhilaration of that rich, creamy lather! And talk about mildness! Why, Lifebuoy's gentle enough for a *baby's* skin.

MILLIONS OF SWEAT GLANDS IN
THE HUMAN BODY GIVE OFF
PERSPIRATION CONSTANTLY. THUS
NO-ONE IS SAFE FROM "B.O."
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! USE
LIFEBUOY DAILY TO STOP "B.O."



A LEVER PRODUCT

BUT I **HAD** TO USE
YOUR COUPONS FOR THESE
NEW SHIRTS, DARLING. YOUR
OTHERS WERE
WORN OUT.

NEEDED A NEW
SUIT, MARY.

FRED DOESN'T **REALISE** HOW HARD HE IS ON SHIRTS. THEY'RE BLACK IN NO TIME AND THEN I HAVE TO SCRUB AND SCRUB.

SCRUB?
NO WONDER
HEY WEAR OU
MY DEAR

WELL, I'VE GOT TO
GET THEM **CLEAN**.

OF COURSE! BUT **RINSO**
WILL DO THAT FOR YOU
AND SAVE MONTHS OF WEAR.
IT'S **OLD-FASHIONED** TO USE
ANYTHING ELSE, THESE DAYS.

HOURS OF SCRUBBING SAVED!
Rinso's perky suds have done the hard work for me

NEXT
MONDAY

WILL WONDERS NEVER
CEASE? THE CLOTHES ARE
SPOTLESS AND I DIDN'T TOUCH
BAR SOAP. I'VE NEVER SEEN
SUDS SO RICH AS **RINSO**
GIVES.

MONTH
LATER

NICE SUIT, ISN'T IT?
YOU'VE CERTAINLY MANAGED
THE COUPONS WELL.
DARLING

SHE THINKS—
THINGS HAVE LASTED
AGES LONGER SINCE
DISCOVERED THE **RIN**
WAY TO WASH

SUDS—rich, thick and plenty of 'em—that's what you want on washday. And that's what Rinso gives you! It's wonderful to use Rinso after you've been struggling with ordinary soaps. Yes, Rinso stands for a "new order" on washday—an order that means sparkling-bright washes and far easier work.



A LEVER PRODUCT

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense."

Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix up with a half-pint of water and a little perfume. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through a million tiny delicate kidney tubes or filters. If poisons in the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cycles Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription, Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and he exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or write for Cystex (Boxing) to-day. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

BARKO

CONDITION POWDERS

FOR YOUR DOG

1/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

Tek TOOTHBRUSH

When you need a toothbrush, it's wise buying to insist on Tek. Shaped right to clean all your teeth, Tek is a quality product of Johnson & Johnson.



The Golden Mug

Continued from page 20

"SAY, what do you do in private life, when you do this?" asked Jack, or Ted, interlarded.

"I am a major in the British Army."

"Sticks to his tale, don't he," said Jack, or Ted, admiringly. "That's one thing I hold in favor of the Limey. What he has said, he has said, and he ain't going to change his tale."

"It's part of their success," said Ted, or Jack. "It's harder to 'prize 'em off their story than it is to open a clam with a tenpenny nail."

The girl Celia came to take away the plate. She slipped him a packet of cigarettes. He looked after her trim figure and blessed her. When he got out of this, he'd buy her something really handsome . . . A hat, maybe. Or a manicure set.

After that he had nothing to do until the police came, or nephew James.

He was alone in the hut when Celia came in, bringing him some tea.

"You're a true friend," he said gratefully. "I can't see why you should believe in me. No one else seems to."

She laid her hand on his shoulder, "Drink your tea," she said. "You'll feel better then."

He never knew what made him do it. Indeed it was done before he knew it was going to happen. He turned his head and kissed the little hand that rested there. She gave a gasp, and took it away. But he knew she wasn't angry. That was the one comfort he had, as the police came.

The English police lacked the genial bonhomie of the Canadians. It was useless his denying all knowledge of the golden mug. They simply did not believe him.

"You were aware that Brigadier Crummit purchased this piece. You followed him into the shop, and later shared a taxi with him. You know this piece of ware to be solid gold, that could be melted down."

"I knew nothing save that it was the ugliest thing I ever clapped eyes on," said Major Love, angrily. "Take me to the jeweller's. They will bear out my story. I was there presenting certain articles of value to the Red Cross."

"That's exactly what we are going to do. Take you to London."

The snag now was that his nephew James would arrive here, wherever that was. He must get a word with

Celia. The police permitted that, standing stiffly by.

"When he comes, explain, and send him on," he besought her. "This is my address. Let me have a line . . ."

She nodded, put the scrap of paper into the pocket of her overall, and went back to her urn.

Major Love was taken to London in a prison van, a form of transport he had little thought to sample. He found it extremely uncomfortable. Jack and Ted saw him off. To the end they were kind and sympathetic.

"Hard luck, Limey!"

"Next time, you plan better, son."

The whole affair was nauseating. The only bright part was Celia.

After a cup of excessively dingy tea, he was taken into the police station. The first person he saw there was his nephew James. James was arch, just as his uncle had feared he might be.

"Tut, tut, what have you been up to, Uncle Colin! Pinching a golden mug, I hear. You have been going it!"

Major Love glared at him. "All I want you to do is to explain that I am who I say I am. The whole affair is one of these tragic mistakes."

"All right, I'll see what I can do. But if you want me to go bail, naturally I can't, after my unfortunate loss . . ."

There was further commotion without, and the door now opened to admit the brigadier himself, carrying what Major Love immediately recognised as his own despatch case.

"I fear there has been some misunderstanding, sir," said the brigadier. "Obviously the thieves mistook you for me. You have saved me from an unpleasant crack on the head sir. Bad luck, sir."

HE

opened the case, and there were the golf shoes and the sock suspenders. It was now only a matter of time and talk before things were cleared up. The brigadier had the golden mug back (one of the raised cupids had a dent in the abdomen, but otherwise the piece was unharmed). The brigadier and Major Love shook hands, and parted in a spate of mutual apology.

Major Love found himself walking down the path. He whistled to nephew James, whom it appeared he was about to give dinner, through no wish of his own.

He found it hard to keep his mind on James' light talk. He kept thinking about Celia. He would buy her something really lovely. For the first time in his life he felt a distinct inclination to linger in the neighborhood of shops selling rings.

"Tearing down to Swanford on your behalf did me a jolly good turn," James was saying blithely. "I met the dearest little girl there—in the Naafi. Name of Celia. Since I can't go to Scotland for my leave I've decided to go down there first thing to-morrow. Like to see more of her."

Then, for the first time in his life, Major Colin Love knew fear. His hand felt clammy, his forehead cold. He who had looked on death in the jungle unshaken, now quailed before his nephew James . . . For James was young. He wore a moss-green beret on his golden hair.

Oh no, you don't, thought Major Love, silently and savagely. Oh no, you don't.

—The Naafi—was clattering briskly to life next morning, as Major Love waited. Presently he saw Celia coming down the path. He whistled to her. He had never whistled to a girl before, but he did it now.

She came toward him, her face lighting.

"I owe you some money," said Major Love, since a man must make a beginning somehow. "For the lunch and the cigarettes, etc., etc."

She looked at him amazed.

"Surely you haven't come all this way, just because of that!" she said incredulously. There was a little corpse nearby. Major Love caught her wrist and drew her towards it. He had the feeling a man does get, that he couldn't talk to her out in the open. The trees made a pleasant dapple shadow on the grass. A little bird goaded him on with cheerful noises. Major Love stood looking into Celia's face.

"No . . . I didn't come only for

that. Not only. It was James . . . Something James said . . . I was frightened."

"But—" She looked at him, bewildered, trying to make head or tail of it all. "I don't see . . ."

"He said he was coming out to spend his leave here. I wanted to get in first. You don't—you don't love him, do you?"

"You mean the one who came down yesterday—Captain Love? A bit like you, only plumper? Why, of course I don't! Oh, you silly darling."

She stood on her toes, and kissed him.

"There!" she said. "Does that tell you anything? Now I must go. We open at eight. Come along presently and I'll give you some breakfast."

Major Love sat down on a fallen tree to get his breath. The little bird went on singing . . . What a beautiful day! What a beautiful day, it sang, and Major Love quite agreed. He shut one eye and admired the bird, and thought what a nice bird it was. His heart was full of goodwill to all mankind. Even nephew James. He would write him a cheque . . . a large cheque—and tell him to go to Scotland . . . to Timbuktoo . . . anywhere.

He heard, with entire confidence, the morning train whistle in the valley.

(Copyright)



Keeps Her Fit

It's your duty to keep fighting fit too! Keep healthy—free from constipation—by taking Nyal Figen, the gentle laxative. Figen is pleasant-tasting and easy to take—acts gently, yet thoroughly. Slip a bottle into your next service parcel. Nyal Figen is sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. POSTED.

Hard Working Hands

Stay Lovely

with Pond's Hand Lotion



Rich and concentrated, Pond's Hand Lotion contains special softening and whitening ingredients which go to work the minute it is applied. Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become.

Owing to wartime transport regulations, Pond's Hand Lotion is temporarily not available in N.S.W. and Q'land.

FOR SOFT KISSABLE HANDS

Do you want to be a SUCCESS IN LIFE?

It's up to you! For once you master your mind, you can master the world. But first you must find out how your mind works . . . know where your strength lies . . . what are your weaknesses. Psychology teaches you this. The Psychology Correspondence College does more. It teaches you how to develop your strong points . . . how to cure those weaknesses. Many who are to-day leaders in business, social and community life were once shy, retiring, convinced they were failures. Enrol now for

Home Study Course in PSYCHOLOGY

By devoting a few hours of your spare time weekly to this easily followed simplified course in Psychology you can obtain the benefit of years of study by a graduate of Melbourne and London Universities, holder of the degrees of M.A., Dip.Ed., who supervises your progress. This is the sound, sensible way to learn to overcome the obstacles in your path towards a glorious full life. In this inspirational course, based on sound Christian principles, everything is explained in simple, easily-understood language. Anyone who can read can follow it.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX BANISHED

An inferiority complex may be of sheerly physical, mental, physical or moral. The defect may be real or imaginary. The trouble is not in the defect, but the feeling created by the defect. The problem is to get rid of the unhappy feeling of inferiority and replace it with a sense of confidence and joy. If not of superiority. By right thinking this can be done. Your life follows your thoughts. Every success of a Churchill or a Roosevelt or a MacArthur follows a thought-out plan and purpose. You are shown in this course how to think thoughts of health, success, power, and of faith. Through the 17 Lessons sent weekly to your home by The Psychology Correspondence College you are guided step by step towards complete mental efficiency. The characteristics are developed in you that distinguish the people who are liked, admired and respected by all . . . the people who are welcome everywhere . . . the type of people who are chosen as leaders in every sphere. You are shown how to completely eradicate fear, inferiority, and nerves.

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Sparwa

The UNSHRINKABLE

RAYON FABRIC



- ALL-BRITISH
- FAST COLOURS
- CREASE-RESISTING
- EASILY WASHED
- NEWEST DESIGNS
- PLAIN COLOURS

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED